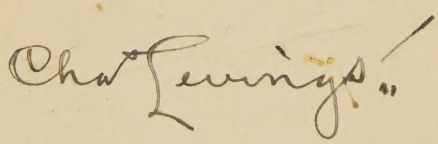
Memories of the Past and Thoughts of the Future



REV. E. J. LAMB

Yours in memory

Memories of the Past and Thoughts of the Future

Autobiography of

REV. E. J. LAMB, Born January 1, 1832

South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana

Press of
United Brethren Publishing House
1906

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Dedicated to

L. J. Lawrence Lamb

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INTRODUCTION

Rev. E. J. Lamb has had long and varied experiences in many scenes. Some of these experiences were thrilling, and many of them are instructive. Thinking that there was much in his life that was not only entertaining, but valuable, I long urged him to write his autobiography.

His life has chiefly been in the field of action, and in the diversity of experiences he had some unusual ones. He has preached for a third of a century without once being late to an appointment. He has pioneered in four territories, and is now living in the tenth home built with his own hands. He has read much, is always intensely in earnest, and his alertness for the humorous rarely fails him.

He is honest, sincere, and poor; poor because always generous. There is not a drop of lazy blood in his body. I write thus of Rev. E. J. Lamb because I feel that I know him. Though rarely agreeing with him on any proposition, yet for years I have probably been his most intimate friend. For twenty years I have seen his manhood triumph over trials and temptations, over poverty, prosperity, and success.

We have seen life together, but not once was I ever suspicious of his honor. Neighbors, we have not

only worked, but planned, celebrated, and been "hard up" together. Together we have seen Europe, addressed audiences, driven cattle, and enjoyed mountains, music, and sunsets.

He is a lover of nature. The clear and winding stream, the splendid peaks, the wild storm, cloud and blue, star and crag and flower—the occult eloquence of all these intensely enters into his feelings. He is passionately fond of music. He has his whims and eccentricities. Although he gives advice excessively, he does not pose as a saint. Nature dowered him well. Mentally he is far above the average. He stands more than six feet, and his rugged, oaken constitution has only the slightest acquaintance with disease.

He is an excellent conversationalist. At dinner, or while lingering at the table, his punning sallies, humorous flings, or happy allusions are royal good cheer. Mrs. Lamb at "Mountain Home" is an inspiration. Many times I have seen her feeding birds at the door, watching him set off with the ax to chop some wood. As he walked away, some well-fed horses and cattle would quietly follow him with almost childlike devotion.

In front of "Mountain Home," Long's Peak stands up into the sky, among nature's pines, nine thousand feet above sea level. The nearest neighbors are five miles from the home. The log house is comfortably furnished, and everything about the place is in order. Mrs. Lamb is not like other girls. She is always doing something. She celebrated her seventieth birthday by climbing rugged Long's Peak.

He loves the mystical. His sermons suggest both the poet and the Puritan. He has never needed to ask why people do not come to church.

He has striking individuality. There are some original out-croppings in his thoughts and expressions. In this book there are many happy paragraphs. The description of the lion and the lamb, the analysis of the prairie dog, and observations on seasickness are among the most interesting and humorous word-pictures I have ever enjoyed.

Though the reader of this book may find words, words, words, let him not despair; no one can travel far with Rev. E. J. Lamb even in a book without finding him an excellent traveling companion with whom he is happy to be through thick and thin. One cannot accompany him far without being ennobled. Back of his lines and his life is a noble man.

ENOS A. MILLS.

Estes Park, Colorado, April 3, 1905.

"Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society."

REV. E. J. LAMB, the bold, fearless, intrepid pioneer preacher of Estes Park, Colorado, is a typical Westerner. He is one of nature's noblemen, a mighty man in physical, mental, and moral endowments. The autobiography of such a unique character will not fail to be interesting. The good man has a two-fold immortality; the one belongs to the life which now is, the other to the life which is to come.

The critical Carlyle says, "A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." In the present instance, if the life is not as well written as lived, the blame will rest where it belongs. We trust, however, one will be the complement of the other. No touch of the pen can do justice to a well-spent life.

The announcement in the daily press that the Rev. E. J. Lamb was engaged in writing his autobiography was a genuine surprise to me. I was delighted with the idea. I thought of what Emerson said, "There is properly no history, only biography." If this be true, acquaintance with the lives of men who have made history must be doubly profitable. In the life of Rev. E. J. Lamb were incarnated such virtues as tact, perseverance, honesty, industry, a strong will-power—such sterling qualities of heart and mind as are indispensable to success.

One whose life has been a failure seldom writes his autobiography. A successful life is an inspiration to others. "No man liveth to himself." Each life is an inspiration to help some other life; hence the value of autobiography.

To the writer it affords no ordinary joy to commend the words of this volume. It will prove a comfort to the many friends who shall read the book long after the author has finished his work on earth, for

> "In the wreck of noble lives,
> Something immortal still survives."

As far back as the seventies I became acquainted with Brother Lamb. Since that time our relations have been most pleasant. Each succeeding year has

strengthened the cord of friendship. For years we were associated in church work. We enjoyed many seasons of refreshing revivals. Many of these revivals through which we passed linger as a sweet recollection of the joys of other years. I know Brother Lamb best as a faithful herald of the Cross. I remember texts he used, sermons preached years ago, as though but yesterday. The echoes of his words are still in the hearts of those who hung upon his lips. He preached the plain, simple truth in such a way that "the common people heard him gladly." The pulpit is the throne of his power. He loved to preach, not for the sake of being heard, but in obedience to the "woe is me, if I preach not the gospel." Eternity alone will tell the glory and usefulness of his ministry. He places a high estimate upon the preacher's calling. Often I have heard him say, "I would rather be a preacher than owner of rich lands or bonded wealth."

This volume, in which will be written the deeds of a long and eventful life, will be a treasure which will prove a blessing and comfort long after the work of life is ended.

"Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part, when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 't will cause a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning'."

W. H. McCormick.

Berthoud, Colorado, April 17, 1905.

PREFACE

In life's varied experiences there are incidents and episodes worthy of record—for one's retrospection, for future improvement. A backward glance at the trials and triumphs of life serves as an incentive and inspiration for future conflicts in the march of life. This fact, in connection with other motives, has long impressed my mind to write these memoirs, not to evidence scholarship, for I make no claims for that distinction, but have designed a simple statement of life's experiences of ups and downs, of joys and sorrows, of trials and triumphs. My early years in life were trammeled by poverty, handicapping the privileges and opportunities for an education which my mentality so much desired. But having an insatiate inclination for some knowledge of the world and human nature in its diversity has induced voluminous reading, in connection with a variety of strenuous experiences on the frontier in four new territories, on the plains, and in the mountains, among Indians and wolves, in the revels of wild rusticity—a freedom from artificial conventionalities that are imposed by an overweening æsthetic age, which often check as well as help spontaneous development of a more vigorous growth. On these borders thirty-seven years of my life have been

devoted to traveling and preaching, coming in contact with a diversity of human nature in reference to morals, religion, and politics, these factors generally evidenced by a dogmatic independence maintained by self-assertion, characterized by republican government and conservative church organizations. This complexity of humanity adds an interest to the study of human nature with which I have come in contact by years of association.

These are my reasons and only apologies for this homely production, trusting in the patience and charitable judgment of the readers who may travel with me through these wanderings of sunshine and shadow, of sorrows and joys, of trials and triumphs. This is the wish of the AUTHOR.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST AND THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE

CHAPTER I.

I was born and reared in the wild woodlands of the State of Indiana, County of St. Joseph, South Bend being the county-seat. Here many days of my early experiences were spent in wandering through these dark, dense forests in lonely enjoyment, eyes and ears open to the voice of nature's whispering winds, running streams, and shimmering lakes, my youthful mind in feelings and affection harmonizing with the squirrels' chatter, the songs of birds, and the fragrance of wild flowers, conspiring in this scene of rustic beauty to attune the heart of nature's lover to thanks and praise. What visions of beauty and grand possibilities then and there opened to my longing nature, pointing to a final goal to be gained by perseverance, diligence, and honest integrity.

"Childhood, happiest stage of life,
Free from care and free from strife,
Time when all that meets the view
All can charm, for all is new.
That 's the time—the joy for all,
The ball, rebounding from the wall,
Then the mimic ship to guide
Down the kennel's dirty tide,

Then the hoop's revolving pace
Through the dusty street to chase.
Oh, how these long, lost hours I mourn—
Never, never to return."

But memory goes back like a weeping mourner to the sunshine of those happy days, when life's young dream was not shadowed with dark clouds, nor replete with anxious care and disappointments, for in the drama of this life a stern conflict is before each and all. This fact is fully evidenced by experience and observation.

The manner of this brief period of life, which began January 1, 1832, was soon to change. A radical and delightful change came over it in the spring of 1842, when father, with many others, left old St. Joseph County for the Black Hawk Purchase in the State of Iowa. To me the vast, expansive savannas of Illinois presented a magnificent sight, as contrasted with Indiana's far-reaching forests, tamarack swamps, and lakes.

On and on, day after day, we traveled over these undulating plains, wide-sweeping prairies, toward the Father of Waters—the long Mississippi River.

We generally camped by a stream of water. Sometimes in a rain-storm it required no small effort to procure fire. Matches not being invented at that time, fire had to be obtained either by flint friction or a tow-wad fired from a gun. Under these circumstances, in a pouring rain it was a tangible trial of patience and dogmatic perseverance with which present conventional refinement and fine culture are not acquainted.

But with all these inconveniences, trials, and denials to the advance guard of civilization, there is something attractive, even fascinating, not experienced or known to the multitude that do not venture out. Having lived on the border or frontier of four new States enables me to speak advisedly.

After many days we came in sight of the young city, Burlington, located on the west bank of the Mississippi River. Crossing on the ferry, we landed on Iowa soil, in Van Buren County. This tract of country was opened for settlement when the war chief, Black Hawk, was whipped into subjection by the white man, by virtue of drastic military measures. Seemingly the red man and the black man have not the capacity or the necessary will-power for the improvement or possible development of nature's grand and prolific resources that are comprised in soils, forests, and mineral fields, and, therefore, it appears to be destined for the white man.

CHAPTER II.

My father located his claim one mile from the old Indian village, on the banks of the Des Moines River, where for years the savage red men had met in their council-house to consult for war and plan the chase for wild game, exulting in their strength and freedom from the shackles of civilization. At this time, in these wilds, the Indians far outnumbered the white population, making the timid a little nervous. In these immensities of wide prairies and wild Indians we built our log cabin.

Perhaps to minds inexperienced in such surroundings there would be nothing attractive, but rather repulsive. But to me there was an inexplicable attraction in these rough, rustic environments. With eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart to feel nature's touch, there is rhythmic music in streams and groves, shrubs and flowers, in murmuring winds and the songs of birds, in dark gathering clouds, the thunder's distant roll, with the lightning's flash indicating the coming storm. Here is awful sublimity that impresses the mind with the mysterious vastness of nature's prolific storehouse, evidencing the power and wisdom of the Architect of the universe and contrasting man's finite relation therewith.

But it was no child's play or poet's dream to grapple with these negations of civilization. Thirty-five miles to the nearest mill, corn one dollar per

bushel, pork six dollars per hundred, and money as scarce as virtue among antediluvians. We made an upright mortar out of a four-foot section of an oak log by a burning and adzing process, and in this rustic proviso our daily meal was pounded out through the winters of 1842 and 1843. One redeeming feature, however, was the fact of the abundance of fish and wild honey. With these luxurious commodities, and good appetites, they served to offset or neutralize our drastic fare. We ate our corn bread and fish with gusto and thankfulness.

With my brother James, I often went on fishing excursions to the Des Moines River, catching nice strings of the finny tribe that amazingly helped to replenish our depleted larder. One of these excursions demands more than a passing notice. Having finished our fishing, we concluded to enjoy the pleasure and pastime of a bath. Throwing off our scanty attire, we plunged into the purling stream and enjoyed this liquid luxury immensely, diving, swimming, splashing, utterly oblivious of approaching danger, when my brother accidentally looked up the river and discovered, to our horror, several canoes loaded with Indians heading for us as fast as they could paddle. Brother's eyes protruded like miniature pot-legs, and he said we must run, and run we did—with the alacrity of an absconding banker. Not having the time nor the disposition to be governed by conventional rules, we gathered up our attire and started with Olympic swiftness across the prairie for our lonely cabin, one mile distant. Our running in this nude condition seemed to delight these red devils.

Looking back when we thought a distance of comparative safety intervened between us and the Indians, we saw that they had reached our place of bathing and were indulging in savage yells mingled with heathen laughter at our naked, rapid flight. They soon turned their boats down the river, no doubt rejoicing in their superior bravery. While this scare doubtless militated against my growth, it certainly added to the uprightness of my hair. Brother's eyes finally assumed their normal relations.

A whole band of these Indians came by our cabin one night, on their way from the agency, where, contrary to law, they had obtained fire-water. They came whooping and yelling, circling around our house as if to take us in. Father got out of bed and went out among them with nothing on but his night clothes. This unusual demonstration (for a white man) appeared to delight them to a wonderful degree, for they indulged in merry ha, ha, ha's. The fire-water having generated thirst, they called for "bish" (water). The spring being ten rods from the house, father went with them to give them a drink, his night clothes fluttering in the summer breeze. This was too much for the hilarious redskins, and again they burst out in loud laughter. "How much? What name?" they demanded. "Esau," answered my father, as he handed them cups of water. Then they called out, "Good Esau, big Esau; he one brave," again evidencing their humorous sense with more laughter. Then on they went, their songs and jubilations ringing out upon the night air beneath the sparkling stars. Mother and we children had quite

a nervous attack during this escapade. For years these episodes served to break the monotony of frontier life. We finally became familiar with, and adapted ourselves to these environments. Many times old Chief Black Hawk and his successor, Keokuk, came to our cabin. Black Hawk's eyes were keen and piercing, like an eagle's; Keokuk's, of mild demeanor. The Indians dubbed him "squaw," because he was for peace; Black Hawk was for war. Thus we endured and enjoyed these strange experiences for two years.

But living here in these wilds, away from relatives and civilized life, was not congenial to my mother; therefore, in the spring of 1844 we sold out and returned to St. Joseph County, Indiana, locating near the beautiful St. Joseph River and St. Mary's Catholic College.

CHAPTER III.

Now, passing over the years of my minority, I commenced the real battle of sixty-two years of life. Childhood's days were numbered, youthful visions fled, air castles were demolished, and life's stern and stubborn realities were confronting me. Upon the deathless battle-fields, where the pulse leaps responsive to the beat of martial music, and amidst this mortal strife, is heard the call that ever invites heroic souls to the world's needs and humanity's uplifting help and sympathy. But in the field, at home, when hope is fled and only the shadow of former joy remains to pity many unknown who daily tread the desolate, monotonous ways of life

> "In sorrow and pain
> On the silent battle-fields of dying hopes,
> When hearts are slain,"

we entered the field of action.

For years we toiled on a woodland farm, with very little change in the program, save an occasional coon hunt, with a night's ramble through the woods and corn fields, sometimes bagging two or three of these corn-stealers. Sometimes we went to the lakes for fishing, or to the tamarack swamps for berries, of which there was an abundance.

In a short time I found myself associating with a score or more of young people, boys and girls we familiarly called each other. These young associa-

tions were pleasant and attractive, for there is something, some magnetic influence, that draws mind to mind and heart to heart, especially where kindred affinity exists. Thus we felt and enjoyed the mystic thrill wherever we met, whether at the wood-chopping, corn-husking, or on Fiddler's Hill, where the violin in skillful hands discoursed inspiring, even entrancing music that seemed to touch the highest chord in human make-up. This passion for music is almost universal. It inspires the soldier in the battle's charge, gives comfort to the troubled mind, soothes the sick, gives courage to the dying, originating in the mind and generating in the heart desires for something higher and grander than the material can give, creating desires for a far-away home, some beautiful clime where storms never come, a place where sunshine is not dimmed by the clouds of disappointment, vexation, and care, a realm where the mind immortal will harmonize with kindred affinities, free from the alloy of human strife and pain. The passion for music is intense, mysterious, and inexplicable.

Were it not for the principle of immortality, these retrospections seem to come unbidden as I review the scenes and associations of the past and hope for the future, remembering that time, distance, disease, and death put a period to the dreams of hope that then and there inspired young hearts for the battle of life. The eye that then sparkled with animation, lit up with loving smile, has long since been stilled to the sound of music and friendship's greeting on earth. The vigor of health and prospective wealth

has paled in death, and those we loved are gone to the land of the Leal, the realm of silent shadows. The stars shine, the flowers bloom, and the whispering winds moan their nightly requiem where they rest. Some of these kindly remembered ones sleep along California's Yuba River; some went down on Southern battle-fields, where they fought and fell—a marble slab marks their resting-place—far from home; others went down under old Pacific's waves on their return trip from California; many of my early friends, including wife and two darling babes, sleep beneath the ground in Eastern cemeteries, while I am left to plod on life's weary way. Separations must come, heart-rending many times,

> "But aye to die, and go, alas!
> Where they have gone, and all must go."

This is the final destiny for all, both great and small; this is the grim skeleton standing in the background of all the feasts of revelry and transient joys—death severs these endearing relations, no matter how strong.

Prior to these events there is a pathetic episode connected with my life's experiences. Becoming intimately acquainted with a young lady of sterling worth, friendship's golden chain bound us together, and soon ripened into an intense affection and our feelings were one. As we wandered by purling streams, gathering flowers, resting on grassy slopes, enjoying love's sweet dream, we both then thought that nothing could or should ever separate us till death do us part. Oh, how pure, holy, and elevating is the passion of sacred affection in the hearts of true

honesty and devotion, and the rending correspondingly bitter. Strangely unexpected events come to all, and to us a tragic episode (not necessary to mention) severed these relations for all time, leaving a shadow over my life that more than fifty years cannot efface, for undying memory brings up the shadows of the past as well as the sunshine, the sorrows as vividly as the joys of life.

This episode brought the decision to my mind to sever forever all these associations of the old homestead life,—father, mother, brothers and sisters (three brothers and four sisters), thinking, perhaps, to gain a victory in Lethe's stream over these disappointments that had crossed our pathway; but who can steal a march on vain regrets or opportunities forever gone? The shadow and shade of these experiences will not down—Nemesis-like, they follow one's wanderings as long as conscience, heart, and memory remain. Fifty odd years have come and gone since that sad event, but time has not effaced these events from a conscious mind. Will eternity?

Concessions on my part would have prevented this sorrow and severance of prospective union, but I was then living in sin, and was governed by unyielding obstinacy of unhumbled pride. Why will mortal man possessing some intelligence permit his baser nature to dominate to that extent till it destroys his own and others' happiness also. For such a course of action or conduct there is no anodyne nor righteous excuse to be given.

> "Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these: 'It might have been'!"

But by neglecting these golden opportunities there come depression, sadness, sorrow, anguish, and many times despair. "It might have been" is the wail of vain regrets through life, and doubtless will be the ghost of anguish and suffering beyond the boundary line of this existence. Nemesis follows the trail of disobedience. I hope the reader of these lines, whether young or old, will never permit his or her baser nature to dominate gracious opportunities and their better convictions of right and wrong.

MRS. J. J. LAMB

Yours sincerely

CHAPTER IV.

Against protest and tears, I packed my valise and, with Edwin Henderson for a traveling chum, left old St. Joe and South Bend. This Henderson was a true and tried friend, one on whom I could depend in storm as well as sunshine, frank, free, and peacefully inclined, but quick to resent an insult, even dogmatic when necessary. He had the full courage of his convictions; thus, with my Lamblike disposition, one nature neutralizing the other, we naturally and necessarily constituted a fair team.

But, after all, it was sad to bid farewell forever to the scenes and associations that had delighted us in the past in so many ways. Oh, how many pathetic scenes are enacted in the unfathomed drama of this mysterious life! Who can tell why we thus act? Impelled by unseen forces, we march on in life, inspired by prospects many times turning to ashes, like Sodom's apples of disappointment.

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And never brought to mind?"

No, they linger in my memory yet, and in my heart will live forever.

> "They loved me with a love sincere,
> And never did that love deceive me;
> But often in my conflicts here
> They rallied quickly to relieve me."

It is better than jewels or gems to have a true and trusty friend.

We went south till we reached old Logansport, located at the junction of the Wabash and Eal rivers. We procured work here at our trade—coopering. There were fourteen working in the same shop, all good, sociable, genial fellows. Of this we were glad, for it is an incontrovertible principle of human ethics that like likes its like. So, finding a good boarding-house in connection with these brother coopers, we enjoyed the situation, making good wages, being paid off every Saturday evening. We continued here several weeks, making over five hundred barrels. Then we concluded to move on, and, with regrets, we bade adieu to our jolly cooper friends, with best wishes.

We went on foot the long distance to Indianapolis, the capital of the Hoosier State. We had pleasant tramping nearly all the way, stopping at wayside inns and hospitable farmhouses for necessary repairs. However, sunshine and storms must be blended, for it appears to be the philosophy of nature's laws to have adverse elements conflicting with each other. This friction seems necessary in order to neutralize pompous prosperity and to keep alive a proper spirit of appreciation.

We experienced this radical change the last day of our tramping journey before reaching Indianapolis. From pleasant, sunshiny weather, we were overtaken by a first-class snowstorm, that came swirling with merciless impunity in our faces and eyes and obscured old Sol entirely. Henderson seemed sober, even sad. Moving forward under the pressure

of heavy valises, this inclement change in the weather forced the painful conclusion upon my reluctant mind that the way of the transgressor is hard. It made me think of mother, home, and kindred kind, and the dear girl I had left behind. I was unceremoniously aroused from these somber reflections by a loud guffaw from Henderson, who exclaimed, in a loud, insinuating tone, "You are discouraged." I, who had braved the hardships of lakes and tamarack swamps, and the dangers incident to the coon hunt, discouraged! Such insinuations aroused my courage to a daring point. Calling our walking appendages into swift competition, we soon came to the city, our objective point. Going to a first-class restaurant for reconstruction, we inaugurated a system of devouring that seemed astonishing to cooks and waiters. Our omnivorous appetites were indulged in the decimation of roast beef, cake, and coffee. But they made an intense effort for our satisfaction by adding a cup of hot toddy, because of the recent storm. But when we called for our bill, the secret of attention on our behalf was made manifest. With eager emphasis came a correspondingly duplicating bill. After a brief rest, we went out on a prospecting tour through the city, finding the coopers' quarters and engaging berths.

We selected a boarding-place near our workshops. Among the many boarders at our hotel there was one gentleman who particularly attracted my attention. He was absorbed in deep thought and in a book he was intently reading. Loving the study of human nature in its diversity, prompted an investigation. I

discovered in him a man of broad intelligence, in whom the finer elements of humanity dominated. He was reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. H. B. Stowe's immortal production, my first sight of this book. Poring over this work seemed to inspire his soul with a sense of righteous indignation against the malevolence of the fugitive slave act and the infamous Dred Scott decision. His mind and heart were intensely thrilled with the high and noble ideal that all men are born free according to inherent rights of birth and existence, and that no man has the moral right to dominate and enslave another simply because he is of a different color; and that slavery, with these inhuman enactments and rigorous enforcements, was a dark blot against the actors and an indelible stain upon the archives of our Constitution. My own observation and experience along these lines compels this decision, also.

Several years previous to this conversation, when pulpit and press tried to sanction and sanctify slavery as a divine institution, my father kept a station on the "underground railroad," which assisted fugitives from the South on their way to freedom. We then lived nine miles from South Bend and sixteen miles from the Michigan line, where colored people were free. Many escaped from Kentucky and Virginia, following the North Star till they reached Michigan. This main route led by our home, my father being a self-appointed agent at this station. He did not receive any great remuneration, but held this office by virtue of a higher court of human rights, and thanks and everlasting gratitude were the coin

he received from fugitives fleeing from the grievous lash of unfeeling, inhuman taskmasters—masters of cruelty, vice, and immorality, sometimes selling their own flesh and blood, their own offspring from the auction block, as witnessed in St. Louis when there several years since. One morning, while holding this office, some covered wagons drove up to the house, and a gentleman came in to ascertain if the coast was clear. A few words with father (mainly spoken in cipher) settled the matter to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. Then the unloading commenced. These fugitives were from Kentucky. For weeks they had hidden by day and traveled by night, guided by the North Star, seeking the State of Michigan, where they could enjoy human rights and freedom. As the black exodus was going forward, our black dog was intently watching the procession, not understanding what this demonstration meant. Finally, he seemed to think that our salvation demanded immediate action, and as one of these women of sable hue was descending from the wagon, he made a threatening charge for her. She exclaimed, logically: "You jes' get out ob de way, sir, fo' you black as de ace ob spades yo'se'f. What fo' you want to quarrel wif me?" The dog was called off, and these fugitives were soon eating a hearty and welcome breakfast furnished by father and prepared by mother, for neither of them were afflicted with selfishness. After a brief rest for themselves and horses, the train moved on towards freedom's shrine, which they reached that evening, and where they were made welcome by former friends who had escaped over the

same route. Here was quite a colony of former slaves, close to Niles, Michigan, living in their peaceful cabins, cultivating little patches of ground, worshiping God and singing songs of freedom, as all mankind have an inherent right to do, oppressive laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

Some two years after this event, the former owners of these fugitives were informed (by Northern spies) that their chattels were with a colony of ex-slaves in Michigan. This information soon broke up the happiness of the colored people. Two slave-masters, with a number of sleuth-hounds and hirelings, reached the vicinity of this colony with concerted plans for kidnapping, hiding themselves in the woods nearby until darkness would favor their nefarious business. Then, at a given signal, they charged in three different parties, and succeeded in capturing nine, the others escaping in the darkness. These nine were quickly hustled into waiting covered wagons, which immediately started on the southward journey, reaching South Bend at 11 : 00 A.M. While halting in town to get supplies, one of these sable sons of Ham, more daring than the rest, hoisted the covering of the wagon sufficiently to see the surroundings. An abolitionist discovered the rolling white eyes and woolly head, and this, in connection with the suspicious covered wagons, led him to give this information to others. It ran like wildfire. The caravan moved on two miles from town and stopped for noon. In the meantime a crowd was gathering in town, and, while these man-stealers were lunching and gloating over their victory, they were surprised

to find themselves surrounded by forty well-armed and determined men. The captain of this company told them to unload their freight wagons, as it was not considered very healthy business in the State just at that time hauling dark products South when such were needed in Northern fields. Of course, these gentlemen from Kentucky loudly protested, contending that the fugitives were their property and that the law gave them the right to seize their property wherever found. They were informed that neither slavery nor the fugitive slave law were recognized in the State of Indiana, and that there was no need of further controversy.

Then the fugitives were loaded into other wagons and taken back to town and lodged in jail for safe-keeping until proceedings of legality could decide the matter. The rampant slave-owners came back to town and had the leaders of the liberating party arrested, and then obtained the best possible counsel for the trial next day. I was present at the trial. The court-house was densely crowded. Outside a large body of negroes from across the line were congregated. With these were an abolition element, armed with guns, revolvers, and clubs, making it look dubious and damning for the slave-hunters, no matter what the decision might be at the trial. Two lawyers stood up for human rights. On the other side, two, for a large money consideration, prostituted time, talents, and better convictions of righteousness. The trial proceeded with legal acumen evidenced on both sides, every advance being stubbornly contested. There were bitter reflections and

sarcastic invectives. The concluding speech was made by Lawyer Journegan. In that telling, convincing, incontrovertible effort, he vividly portrayed the beauties and glories of freedom—a universal inheritance designed for all men, white or black, declaring with emphasis that no man was born with cuffs on his hands or shackles on his feet. He arraigned the sleuth-hounds for injustice and inhumanity, declaring that they violated all good laws, human and divine, traducing righteous principles for unholy purposes, trampling in the dust the tenets of the gospel of peace and good will to all men, not doing unto others as they would have others do unto them. Then, with an appealing peroration, he turned to the people, to the slave-owners, to the judge, and finally to the anxious fugitives, exclaiming: "By the virtue of our Constitution, by the flag of our nation, by the emblematic stars and stripes emblazoned on that banner by the sovereign laws of the State, by the laws of God and human rights, these men and women are free, and cannot be returned to the lash and bondage of slavery."

This appeal was irresistible, and in less than five minutes the judge summed up the points presented, deciding that these fugitives, having reached the line and limits of the free States, where slavery does not exist and is not sanctioned, could not be remanded back to slavery and were free to go.

Lawyer Crocker then took the floor and, with the energetic assistance of the janitor, compelled the crowd to give back and divide, so that these free blacks could pass out, where strong arms hoisted them

into waiting vehicles. Suddenly there came upon the scene a cloud of darkness, exclaiming, as they surrounded the wagons, "You are free! free!" Then there came up from another quarter a huge black man, like a dark avalanche, swinging a large club, exclaiming with a stentorian voice, as he whirled his shillalah in the air, "They 're free! free!" Off went the wagons, manned by jehu drivers. The crowd then united in a shout of victory and triumph that made the court-house corridors and streets ring with notes of freedom, striking with conviction and consternation men who had been guilty of kidnapping or aiding in this nefarious business. This triumph shivered the fugitive slave act into fragments so infinitesimal that it would take a sunbeam a thousand years to find the pieces. In those early days of abolition agitation, the advocates of freedom for the black man were the objects of derision and ostracism to a greater or less extent by both dominating parties—Whigs and Democrats. But the men constituting this element of freedom had the courage of their convictions, nor would they be downed, though bitterly denounced. They knew that right is right and must triumph.

Another long siege of making barrels, visiting different places, also churches, shows, entertainments, and having general enjoyment. We finally decided these things monotonous and concluded to move on. Why this strange demand for something new? Down through the ages restless discontent has characterized the world's history. Nations and kingdoms with glory, power, and wealth have sought and fought for

greater volume. The mightiest conquerors of the world's battle-fields, having gained prestige (the zenith of military fame), have striven for grander heights and greater fame. Napoleon, who had already shaken Europe with the tactics of his military skill, was not content unless in the field or planning for new conquests "till old ocean's waves beat in rhythmic music on St. Helena's rock-bound coast." Finally his unhallowed ambition, relentless and restless, was stilled in death. Oh, why should mortal man be so ambitious, restless, and proud? For soon all vanishes.

Henderson and I boarded the train and started for the city of Terre Haute, located on the historic Wabash River. Here we secured berths in a cooper shop. As the next day was Sunday, Henderson suggested that we attend church services. While neither of us was ready or qualified for angelic translation, we did have religious proclivities. We went to an Episcopalian church, and heard the sweet ministry of songs and solos. Then the chaplain made an abortive attempt to present Christian ethics, the gospel of light and life. To my mind, it was an array of dry platitudes without pith or pathos, that failed to elicit thoughts from the thinking or to impart food for man's spiritual nature to the desiring and the deserving; consequently, a brilliant failure.

On Monday morning we went to work again, like beavers, for money (unrighteous mammon), for it requires both men and money to run the world. Coopers are generally a genial, jolly class of men, optimistic in spirit; songs and conversation mingling

with their work. All do not appreciate the psychological fact or principle that there is a kind of kindred affinity existing between craftsmen of the same trade or profession. For six weeks' time all went pleasantly, then we bade the Hoosier State a long farewell and, traveling through wide-sweeping prairies and black mud, we arrived at Springfield, Illinois. The legislature being in session, we enjoyed the rare opportunity of hearing the representative gas, wisdom, and political pabulum of the big Prairie State. However, a few days of the music and machinations of politics convinced us that there was not much to be gained by lingering there and paying bills, so we took the train for Alton, located on the Mississippi River. But as we found nothing of interest here, we took the steamboat and went down the river to St. Louis, Missouri.

While aboard the steamboat *Ocean Wave,* we came in contact with slaves and slave-holders whose conversation was disgusting and debasing to human nature. This fact, coupled with another, did not put us in a very good humor. Needing supper after fasting all day, we came to the table in trim for a hearty meal. The white-aproned knight who had charge of the table inquired if we had the change. We informed him that we had enough money to pay two weeks' board, but he said, "Have you fifty cents for supper?" "No, sir," we replied. Then he said, "You can't have supper." This was new tactics to us, above and beyond civilized precedents.

Well, we fasted until we got to St. Louis, and then went to the Beverly Hotel, where we lodged as long

as we stayed in the city. We found St. Louis to be populous, enterprising, vicious, and virtuous; churches for worshiping God; dens of vice for gambling, drinking, and general debauchery for soul and body, mind and heart.

CHAPTER V.

Less than two weeks satisfied our curiosity in this great emporium of the West. Then we started on foot for Jefferson City, the capital of the State, situated on the south bank of the Missouri River. On our first night out from the city we had quite an interesting conversational episode with the presiding mad Boniface of the wayside inn where we stopped for the night. He took us through a rigid examination before consenting to let us stop.

"Where are you from?"

"St. Louis."

"Did you come by railroad?"

"No, sir; we walked."

"Have you ever worked on a railroad?"

"No, sir; we have not."

"Do you intend riding or working on a railroad?"

"No, sir; not if we can avoid it."

Then our eccentric landlord consented to let us stop, and commenced an explanation, mingled with profuse and extravagant expletives, by way of apology for this unusual and singular examination.

Some few days previous to this conversational examination, about a dozen Irish railroad hands came to this hotel to spend their vacation and have a good time. This could not be done with proper dignity without a quantity of mountain dew, and a consequent Irish row. Sod-corn distillation soon wrought up the necessary inspiration, and this jolly crowd

undertook the running of the caravansary to suit their own sense of exuberant enjoyment, ordering the bartender and sable servants around with impunity and drunken audacity. In vain the landlord protested against this assumed freedom, but they derided his advice and ignored his course of moral suasion, going on with their jollifications. As a last resort, the host decided on drastic measures, and called two of his massive servants to the scene of operations. Soon a free fight was inaugurated. Erin was pitted against Africa in deadly combat for supremacy. Chairs, clubs, beer bottles, and any other war material at command was called into service to suppress the Irish insurrection. Knocking down and dragging out thus cleared the premises of these daredevils. It was sobriety on one side and drunken presumption and audacity on the other side. The landlord wound up his graphic explanation by saying that no one who ever had worked on a railroad or contemplated ever doing so should lodge with him, and swearing with emphasis that he was a born outlaw and was found floating down the Merrimac River on a plank. His unreasonable demonstration was amusing, to say the least, evidencing the fact that little prejudices many times result in abnormal conclusions. Not being of the tenderfoot persuasion, we were not scared out by this whirlwind of wrath and fiery demonstration. We stopped over night and were kindly and courteously treated in all respects by this thundering son of Mars.

Next morning we started on our journey for the capital, footing it all the way, excepting an occa-

sional ride secured by bribing the stage drivers when they were not loaded. At the wayside inns we generally fared well. Sometimes we were rather rustic for jolly coopers, but it was amusing to be the objects of commiseration when they ascertained that we hailed from a free State, living among and mixing up socially with negroes, as they sympathetically expressed it. They seemed oblivious of the fact that in slave States there was tenfold more complexity of skin color and variety of hue than in any free State. Mixing up,—tell it not even in ciphers or whispers, lest the unvirtuous rejoice.

It was a cold, cheerless evening when we arrived in Jefferson City, and, the legislature being in session and many visitors being in town, we found lodgings only after persistent efforts. We concluded to rest for a time, and had ample opportunities for observation and the sizing up of Missouri's representative wisdom in her legislative halls. There was plenty of bombastic effusion, but not much statesmanship for bettering the conditions among the people—at least, we failed to see it. Going along the streets while this august body was in session, we discovered the key that no doubt militated against better displays of legislative wisdom. Here was one staggering under the influence of liberal potations; a brother representative by his side, who contained almost as much whisky, was trying to steady him, in order, if possible, to maintain legislative dignity. On the other side of the street was a well-dressed senator with a fine fur-trimmed cloak hanging from his shoulders, reeling with consummate swagger,

while he was trying to explain the merits attached to certain new measures now up before their assembled wisdom. As he was expatiating on these necessary reforms, it was easy to discover that his tongue was too thick to command good English. It certainly was amusing, if not profitable, to witness these maudlin exhibitions of whisky inspiration. "I tell you (hic), it will not do (hic) to oppose these (hic) measures for the good of our con(hic)stituents; we must legislate for their benefit."

It was not unpopular to drink in those days, if one could manage to keep his feet or maintain a semi-upright condition, though he might reel toward the poles, north and south. In view of these exhibitions, does it not seem strange that men who are endowed with brilliant ability and reasoning capacity will thus ignore their better convictions; violate the laws of moral ethics, and smirch their reputations, at the expense of gratifying abnormal passions and ungoverned appetites, thus permitting passion to dominate reason, inviting disease, derangement, and premature death? This conclusion is forced upon us. Man conquers empires of opposing difficulties, overcoming frowning obstacles, solving mysteries, showing mastery over these adverse elements, but does not control himself. "He saved others; himself he will not save."

After waiting here a long time, in suspense and with heavy expense, for the ice-fields to clear from the Missouri River, it was finally thought reasonably safe to cross. Two burly slaves took charge of the ferry and ourselves. The stream was full of

floating ice, and the darkies appeared careless or oblivious of danger; consequently we did not appreciate or enjoy the dangerous experiment. These sable sons of Ham were reckless in regard to their own lives and our preservation, as the ice would many times sweep us many rods from our course. Finally we reached the north shore, paid our dollar, then started on our two-hundred-mile journey on foot for Winterset, in the State of Iowa.

On this northern trip we generally lodged with planters, who, with their slave retinue, had come from Kentucky and Virginia, just after the Missouri Compromise had been effected between the North and South. We learned this fact, that hospitality is more sincere with these people from the South than is generally found in the Northern States. This problem is open for solution by experts in social economy. Sometimes when we were fed with nice biscuits, honey, pie and cake, and other concomitant delicacies, our hospitable host would be nibbling at his corn dodger and bacon, looking on us with pity, mingled with disdain, for our lack of taste. Well, after a volume of such treats and experiences, and the crossing of wide prairies and twelve days of travel, we arrived at our first objective point. Here we found rail-making and wood-chopping to be the order of the day, instead of coopering. This left us with depleted purses, but courage and determination were not lacking, for we were robust and hearty. So, going to work with vim, we made rails, like our remembered and revered Abe.

Splitting rails—wholesale and retail—was hard but pleasant work, and one dollar per hundred served to replenish our financial departments. But, desiring a change of location and business, we left Winterset, Madison County, and went farther west to Dallas County, there getting a job with a mill contractor for six weeks' work. Then there came a change in my life.

CHAPTER VI.

To QUIT my roving and settle down to domestic conditions of life, was my decision. Choosing one from the realm of young lady kind who was of the same mind, we thought to quit the delusive scenes of single blessedness and enter upon marital relations. With this consummation commenced anew the battle of life. Realizing that the struggle was real, that the conflict was earnest (the mirage of youthful delusions and vain imaginations gone), without money or inheritance, we encountered difficulties sufficient to test material strength and moral force. My first real estate, consisting of forty acres of virgin prairie soil and ten of timber land, was paid for by making rails at one dollar per hundred. By a dogged perseverance these difficulties were overcome. Then came years of farming. But the winters of western central Iowa were very severe, and we finally got tired of cold weather and deep snows and concluded to seek a more genial clime. Kansas seemed to be the inviting field, the desired haven from Iowa's stormy blasts. The winter of 1856-57 being unusually severe, brought the decision to a climax.

On the fifth day of May, 1857, thirty-five persons (twenty-three of these were Lambs), comprising six families, started for this inviting clime. With ox teams it was slow traveling, but on the twenty-third day out we crossed the Big Muddy at Fort Leavenworth and found ourselves on Kansas soil.

Then, wending our way south for eight days, we reached Linn County. We found locations on Sugar and Mine creeks, some three and six miles from the Missouri State line. With these new surroundings we were treated to doubtful luxuries mixed with apprehensions of future trouble.

The question had been agitating the public mind (both North and South) for some time, whether Kansas should be a free State or a domain for the further extension of slavery. This important question generated feelings of mutual hostility on both sides of the line, with the full determination of both parties to carry out and establish their designated rights. This faith and feeling grew more intense daily because of the little escapades perpetrated by both parties. This fact brought into existence an organization in Missouri of border ruffians; in Kansas, what was designated "Jayhawkers," headed by the notorious Jenison and Captain Montgomery. These adverse elements were pitted against each other with an intensity of supreme hatred and murderous hostility that defied competing devils and paled the flames of Pluto's dark domain. It is possible for men to reach heights and depths in the perpetration of crimson crimes that lower the dignity of ordinary devils; crimes so deep, dark, and damning that influence for the devil's kingdom is neutralized. Man can, and sometimes does out-Herod Herod.

These escapades furnished tangible pretexts for this border warfare that continued until the Civil War commenced. In this brief memoir, I can give only a synopsis of these deeds and bloody tragedies

which were enacted during this prelude of an irrepressible conflict fast approaching. Several persons were assassinated. Sometimes these ruffians entered houses by night, called citizens to the door of their homes (as if on business), then riddled them with bullets; others they waylaid and shot like dogs. Then Jenison and his gang would revenge by robbing and hanging. Once, going to a Mr. Scott's house, Jenison invited him to mount a horse that one of the boys had brought up for this purpose, as it would be more convenient to adjust the swinging rope over the limb of an oak-tree standing in the yard. His protesting and pleading for mercy was not availing. His son, Julian Scott, pleaded with Jenison to hang him instead of his father, but Jenison refused any substitute. The gentleman had to swing, and was left dangling from a tree close by his house, while Jenison and his party rode away, crossing the line into Missouri. They kidnapped a Mr. Hines close to where my father lived at that time. Hines requested time to write his will. Jenison gave him the privilege, but the condemned man was not equal to the undertaking; his nerves were too much affected in view of his tragic sentence. Jenison promptly and politely offered his services, which were accepted; Hines dictated, while Jenison, with remarkable nonchalance, penned his last will and testament. It being night, they deferred the hanging until the next morning, and placed a guard over Hines and the cook of the house (for the boys demanded supper). Next morning, after breakfast, Mr. Hines was compelled to ornament an oak-tree, while Jenison and his

gang sat on a fence twenty minutes watching, then started on to Mound City to report.

While these boys were capable of carrying out and accomplishing serious tragedies, they possessed a keen sense of the humorous and ridiculous. On another raiding expedition they crossed the line in the evening, going to the town of Butler and some other small places. They charged upon the town of Butler, surprising them completely, killing some, frightening others. Then, with commendable deliberation, coolness, and audacity, they proceeded to load themselves and their horses with whatever commodities they desired,—groceries, dry goods, boots and shoes,—thus depleting mercantile departments.

They started for the Kansas line in a jolly mood, not failing, however, to pick an ample number of the feathered tribe on their retreat, for these jolly rangers were quite fastidious in reference to their material wants. Suffering no conscientious stings or scruples, they appropriated with impunity.

From one of these raiding expeditions they came by our Mt. Carmel home, with songs and jestings; chickens, shoes and boots hanging in promiscuous maze from their saddles. They were trying to even up with the Scotts, Davises, Hineses, and many others who, in 1855-56, had robbed, killed, burned out, and driven out free States men when they had the supremacy. Curses return to roost.

One more recital of this dark drama of border conflict will finish my observations. A rabid proslavery propagandist by the name of Hamilton and his party of like proclivities came riding into the

trading post (three miles from where I lived) and commenced, unceremoniously, to gather up prisoners, *nolens volens,* securing six from different departments, but they wanted the seventh (a scriptural number), so riding up to a Mr. Snyder's busy blacksmith shop, Hamilton ordered him to come out and file in with the other prisoners. "All right," says smithy, stepping back to the corner of his shop where he kept a shotgun well charged. Then, quick as an electric flash, he fired at the red-blanketed chieftain, who was stunned, as was also his horse, by this unexpected explosion, both falling to the ground, but neither seriously hurt. Snyder went out through a rear door like a vanishing mist, bounded over the fence with the alacrity of a hounded deer, and, getting into the dense woods, made his escape. This lack of courtesy on the part of this son of Vulcan so enraged Hamilton, even unto sulphurous conditions, that he ordered a forward march, with his prisoners in front and his posse in the rear. Guarding them closely, they took them to a dense, dark woods, not far from the post, and ordered the prisoners to stand out in single file, face front. He then gave the order to his men, "Make ready, take aim, fire!" His men hesitated, then, with more emphasis, he repeated, "Fire!" They fired, six men fell to redden Kansas soil with freedom's blood, another sacrifice upon Moloch's altar to the institution of human slavery.

These presentations of dark tragedies perpetrated by man upon his brother man will arouse the inquiry in the mind of the student of human nature, What is it that thus stultifies, demoralizes, and demonizes

man to such an extent of baseness, blackness, and desperation? For man is by nature sympathetic, kind, and affectionate, ready to extend the helping hand to his fellow-man in life's sorrows and emergencies; but with these powers and passions debased by the unhallowed, proud influences of a selfish ambition, and tending toward vice, avarice, hatred, and revenge, man can finally reach a goal of degradation so completely demoralized that he can indulge in crimson crimes and dark deeds that put to shame and condemnation his primal nature.

These considerations force upon the mind the conclusion that man inherits the power and capacity to reach the zenith of glory, fame, and power, but by letting these baser passions dominate he will reach the lowest level of baseness and degradation, smirching himself in soul and body for time and eternity, for with conscious existence sin's dark stain kills and stings beyond the tomb.

CHAPTER VII.

From time immemorial the glitter of gold has exerted a wonderful influence on the mind of man, impelling a Cortez, an Almagro, and a Pizarro to the field of adventure. California in 1850, Colorado in 1860, invited and induced multiplied thousands to leave their Eastern homes, to cross the plains, range the mountains, and prospect streams for hidden treasures of shining gold. Alaska also evidences the fact that man will risk life and health, and dare death in order to obtain gold and silver. The diamond fields of South Africa have also played their part in exciting man's desire for riches and the gathering of wealth. This, however, was not the chief factor in our minds that prompted us to foreign territory; but a desire to see the Western plains, the buffaloes, wild Indians, and the Rocky Mountains.

Accordingly, on the ninth day of April, 1860, we left our homes in Linn County, Kansas, and started for the Rocky Mountains. Our party consisted of five persons—myself, David Lamb, Enos Mills and wife, and Enoch Mills. We went through Lawrence to get our supplies, then took our course up the Kaw River as far west as Manhattan, there crossing and striking a northwesternly direction until we came to the main freight road leading across the plains. This great thoroughfare follows the Platte River all the way to the city of Denver. For several days the

weather was pleasant and the road was thronged with travelers. Caravan after caravan, ox teams, horse teams, mule teams, some on foot propelling a cart to carry their supplies, others leading a broncho pony that carried blankets, crackers, and groceries, all intent on reaching the Rocky Mountains; a jolly company.

One afternoon, just before we got to Ft. Kearney, it commenced raining on us quite briskly, and then terminated in a regular snow-storm—a first-class blizzard. The wind joined its fury to the fast-falling snow, adding immensely to the chilling drama. The night fast approaching, we were, of necessity, compelled to move down to the river and camp for the night. The storm increased and we had no timber for shelter, much less for fuel; a little water-locust and some willow twigs were the sum total of our fuel. Having some cold biscuits, we managed to make coffee and broil some bacon over our twig fire. As the storm was coming from the northwest, we turned our wagons to face the southeast, then tying our ponies on either side of the wagon tongue and dividing our blankets with them, we lay in our wagons over night, shivering and longing for day. But when day came there was no abatement of the storm. We hitched up our shivering ponies and started on. About 10:00 A.M., the storm ceased its fury, and old Sol came out with shining face, making us as glad as the inhabitants of the Arctic regions are after six months' night. Sometimes on the Platte River road we came in contact with very sandy stretches that made heavy pulling for failing ponies and

horses. We then would fasten a long cable rope to the tongue of the wagons, and in pairs of from eight to twelve arrange ourselves on both sides of the rope, then pulling, shouting, and laughing we helped our weary teams very much, and made the silent plains vibrate with our cheering.

On Sunday morning, April 24, we got our first view of the Rocky Mountains, ninety miles distant from our present encampment, Fremont's Orchard (so called because of a large cluster of scrubby cottonwoods growing close to the river). In the distance the snow-capped range looked like an embankment of fleecy clouds piled up in the horizon towards heaven's blue. Here we camped one day and night, resting our teams and ourselves over Sabbath, according to command, and in connection enjoying quite a sensational episode. The Indians of the plains at that time and place were an intolerable nuisance, always visiting our camps to buy, steal, and annoy. On this particular day, a large number visited our camp. Seemingly they were on the lookout for something, watching our every movement, especially among our ponies and horses. We took pains to feed the red devils in order to allay any impending evil against us. In the evening we saw numbers of these redskins come to the summit of the bluffs just south of our camp (less than one-half mile distant). They would watch for a while, then fall back, and others would take their places. Then, to strengthen our suspicion, an old Indian came into our camp about sundown, looking like one of Dante's dark characters incarnated for devilish purposes. He was sour and

uncommunicative, save by signs and uncouth gesticulations, running his hands from his mouth up to the top of his head, then down to his mouth again, trying to illustrate (as we afterward learned) a bridle and the bit in the mouth. Finally, with an emphatic, impressive threat, he drew his hand across his throat, and left. These demonstrations were sufficient to arouse our suspicion and prepare us for measures of defense. Thirty-four men against perhaps one hundred redskins looked rather doubtful, to say the least. Nevertheless, we made all possible preparation within our limited means, getting our wagons all in a circle, horses inside; and with every available gun, revolver, shovel, and pick, we armed ourselves for a possible, even probable, conflict with these wild, savage plainsmen. Our picket-guard of six men was stationed outside the circle in proper positions to give timely warning; thus we rested on our arms until morning. The only indication of an attack was made manifest about midnight, when we had two pickets patroling the banks of the river. As there was an island about midway, the river was shallow at this place. Our pickets heard what seemed to be a cavalcade of horsemen starting from the northern shore; they came splashing through the water till they got to the island, then seemed to halt for consultation. Our pickets fired their guns toward the island. This sent consternation into their ranks. A hasty retreat followed, and they went back quicker than they came. They found we were on guard.

We were glad when morning found all intact. After a well-relished breakfast, we started on our

way for Denver. Every few miles there was a small squad of Indians by the roadside, scanning our company as we passed them. When we reached Denver, this strange mystery in regard to the Indians' actions (above described) was made plain. A trio of young men from near Lawrence, Kansas, had started overland for the gold-fields of the Rockies. Their outfit consisted of a light wagon, two small ponies, ten dollars' worth of grub, and a little money only. When nearing Kearney, one of the ponies concluded not to trudge any farther on these tiresome plains and, regardless of consequences, departed this life, leaving our Kansas boys stranded on the plains. Under the circumstances, go forward they could not, and go back they would not. To buy a horse or pony they had not shekels sufficient, so in this dilemma they concluded to lay tribute on an Indian pony. This they did, then traveled all night, passing our party. The Indians, coming upon our party first, supposed, as a matter of course, that we were the aggressors. This explains their actions. We saw the boys in Denver. They appeared quite jolly over this doubtful enterprise, although it might have resulted in serious trouble for us.

Here we are in the town of Denver, located on the banks of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, with a mixed population of eight or ten thousand. During our stay here we had the privilege of witnessing a war dance of the Arapahoe Indians. They had just returned from a successful war campaign and hunting expedition in the South Park country. Something less than one hundred of these uncouth red-

skins formed in a circle around a central director. This director resembled very much, in appearance, a resurrected Egyptian mummy, and looked to be at least one hundred years old. In his hand he had a staff of authority, with which he directed ceremonies. At a given signal on the tom-tom (a sort of drum), the circle started in a monotonous revolution, chanting their "How-wa-ah! how-wa-ah!" The somber pathos of this infernal ditty, mingled with the hoarse cadence of their tom-tom, presented a picture to the imagination that fully duplicated Dante's description of hell, with purgatory thrown in.

Such are the differences between the cultured and uncultured; the savage and the civilized. These children of the plains and forests have, for thousands of years, lived, reveled in, and enjoyed wild life, without development or advancement, and their history is lost in the dim mists of past ages, worse mystified by traditions and legends.

Our resting-time over, we must now start on our journey for South Park, Tarryall, and the Blue River gold regions. We went to the express office to mail some letters before leaving, and were politely informed by the postmaster that we must pay twenty-five cents per letter. We gave the dollar to send four letters. We thought this high pressure for boasted civilization; we must pay high for luxuries. This pony express carried letters only, from Denver City as far east as the Missouri River, leaving the office in the morning on a brisk, loping pony. This loping was kept up day and night for over five hundred miles, with relays, for every fifteen or twenty miles

a fresh pony was brought out. Thus the swift-running mail was not delayed five minutes from Denver to the Missouri River, only sometimes Indian scares and depredations deranged scheduled time. Other express matter was carried by a four-horse coach, running day and night.

Our first day out from Denver brought us to an evergreen camping-place on Bear Creek. Here there was an abundance of grass and a rippling stream of water—nature's sources to meet material wants of man and beast. We enjoyed this, our first introduction to nature's evergreen realm. The next day's diligent travel brought us to the South Platte River, fringed and decorated beyond artistic touch with spruce and balsam, contrasted with patches of aspen flowers, adding a sweet fragrance to this enchanting scene.

This was to me a scene and sense of delight not to be forgotten. Language does not express the intensity of my delight. While man's genius and executive ability have brought out and perfected wonderful displays in the realm of art, to my mind and taste there are mystic charms in the fields of nature transcending man's production as greatly as infinity surpasses finite conceptions and productions. Taking a lonely walk down this murmuring, musical stream while supper was being prepared, my mind was inspired with thanks and praise. The myriad voices of nature's sweet melodies in tiny flowers, in purling streams, in whispering winds sweeping through the forest's vistas like a great orchestra, thrilled the heart because of God's creative wisdom

and power in forest, field, and flower. Then returning towards our camp-fires, after my ramble under the shining stars, I was ready, with vim, for coffee, apple sauce, and mountain sheep that our hunters had bagged that very day. In stealing this march and encampment in this silent, sylvan spot, there was no murmur of intrusion on nature's part, and no murmur of dissatisfaction on our company's part, for all were cheerful and happy.

The beauty of this scenery very much increased when we reached the eastern boundary line of South Park, which extends fifty miles north and south, and from ten to twenty miles east and west, surrounded with a wilderness of snow-capped mountains, seemingly blending with fleecy clouds in the wide eternity of space. Oh, how glorious to behold! Our train left these mountain heights, going down and crossing the Park, stopping here at Tarryall, our present objective point.

This place and stream were first called "Graball," because some three or four human hogs took possession of the entire camp, determined to monopolize all the gold down to earth's center, but the avalanche of new arrivals by hundreds broke up this selfish, avaricious program. This was our inviting and generous welcome to Tarryall. Here miners were working like beavers for the golden calf. In this rough, rustic town of Tarryall are tangible evidences of man's resourceful nature, establishing that oft-repeated truism, "Necessity is the mother of invention." Habitations were constructed out of any and all available material, a rock ledge serving, in

many instances, for one side of a habitation, logs for the other. Some huts were made of rough stone altogether; others were constructed from torn-up wagon boxes blended with canvas; others, less pretentious, were weather-boarded with pine branches. These temporary shelters were almost invariably covered with poles and earth. Within these primitive structures jolly miners ate their wild meat, big-horn, and deer, and slept the sleep of the weary, if not the just. Here, in the enjoyment of nature's freedom, not restricted by conventional customs or hampered by affected refinements, was indeed a status of life preferable to stereotyped customs with many false pretensions. Here are felt and seen, spontaneously, purity with its primitive frankness and cordiality; charity, pure and without ostentation; benevolence, without being galvanized with other motives. All up and down Tarryall stream miners' tents were stationed, decorating appendages of the busy throng of workers.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sluicing for Gold.

On the fifth day of May, 1860, we set up our tents and opened our claims, first sluicing the ground. This we did by washing away one foot or more of surface earth, then fixing our "long tom" (miner's phrase for boxes) with riffles at the lower end. Then we commenced our new vocation of shoveling into the sluice-box sand, gravel, and tiny specks of gold. In the evening we cleaned up the sluice-box, getting a small quantity of the precious metal.

We worked here twenty days, all the time hoping for richer remuneration, but, instead, there was a gradual decline in the summing up. However, we stayed as long as practicable. One sensational transaction while we were mining here deserves special mention. Though there were already two or three hundred miners scattered along the stream for miles, suddenly, without warning, there appeared a dark cloud of moving humanity mounted on ponies coming down towards our encampment. Whether to run or prepare for fight was the question. There being no word of action, there could be no concert of action. On came the Indians, squad after squad, numbering about five or six hundred, all armed with guns, revolvers, swords, and battle-axes, and banners were flying over each company. Between these dif-

ferent squads were hundreds of goats and dogs, following harmoniously with the long cavalcade. We soon learned that they were Utah Indians coming over the range for their annual hunt in the great South Park game country. They were also prepared for battle with the Arapahoe Indians that came in from the plains to hunt on the same grounds. They were friendly with us miners, but very annoying. When they got near a cabin, four or five of them would leave the company and come on full charge right up to where we were gathered in small companies, exclaiming, "How-how!" (the Indian salutation when friendly). Then they would ask for bread or biscuits, saying, "Papoose hungry." When we gave them all that we had on hand, (they ate all with impunity,) they asked for more with doggish audacity, seemingly not knowing or caring that flour was twenty dollars per hundredweight. Well, they left us unharmed, save by the loss of biscuits and bread.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth of May, myself, David Lamb, and Enoch Mills loaded our ponies with blankets, mining tools, and prepared grub and started on a seven-mile upward, onward journey across the range for the Blue River diggings. We went through and over snow-fields from three to ten feet deep; wagons could not cross at this time. About half way up this grade we met a lot of miners on their return from Breckenridge. In the exchange of miners' morning compliments, we mutually discovered and recognized friends who came from South Bend, Indiana, and whom we had not seen for twenty

years. Of course there was a long halt and a running account of past events during that score of years, then of present conditions and future possibilities. To make this unexpected meeting more congenial, pipes and cigars were produced, (a sunglass induced old Sol to fire our pipes,) and pleasant conversation mingled with the fragrance, while evergreen branches drooped from overhead. But the hour closed. The onward rush of this transient life does not permit long lingering in shady glens or restful nooks. We bade each other farewell. Forty years have passed since that unique meeting in the snow-fields; we have never met again.

Pressing onward, by noon we gained the summit. Finding a small, bare spot, we stopped for noon, turning our ponies loose to nibble grass and browse scrub willows, and we ate our cold grub with keen relish. Here is presented one of the grandest views in nature's realm,—mountain ranges, vast in extent, prodigious in volume, and majestic in height. This is the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, in close proximity to the headwaters of the Arkansas and Platte rivers flowing eastward and the Blue River and its tributaries flowing westward. A wilderness of snow-capped mountains in every direction, seemingly illimitably jumbled together; to the novice it was confusion confused and worse confounded. Such lavish displays of reckless prodigality (with regard to material) as is here evidenced by creative power seems to ignore altogether the law or principle of economics. The rearing of such stupendous piles of

unknown, unmeasured masses, regardless of quantity, standing out before the wondering gaze of the beholder in majestic beauty and sublime grandeur, blending in one the stern prose of rocky raggedness, frowning cliffs, and awful chasms, modified by the beauty and poetry of silvery streams, graceful waterfalls, tiny rills, lovely parks, like gems of emerald nestling amid huge mountains, which seemed in their gigantic strength to be watching over and guarding them, while circling their rounded margins, lakes, dells, silvery rills, flowers, and ferns conspired and concentrated to make an indelible picture on the mind of beauty, sublimity, and sweet remembrances forever.

If heaven could only duplicate in material beauty, (with moral desires and spiritual aspirations included,) these features ought to enlist with intense effort all lovers of nature up to nature's God. These things commanded my sincere attention and supreme affection, leading up to the great Architect of the universe. In my heart I pity the person who can see no beauty, power, or wisdom in these rich, inexhaustible displays in the wild fields of nature.

By this digression our journey was delayed, so mounting our rested ponies we move onward and downward over rocky ridges, past jagged points, by roaring, whirling, leaping cascades of the Blue River, through belts of silver and Douglass spruce, sometimes separated by little gemlike parks. Before we reached Breckenridge, the stars came out, friendlily twinkling through the pine branches, dancing in shimmering scintillations upon stream and rills, mak-

ing a beautiful picture for poetic or romantic minds. When we finally reached town, we made inquiry for a Mr. Young's cabin, being directed to the lower end of town. Finding the designated shanty, I thumped on the door with my heavy cane. One of the inmates called out, "Come in." On opening the door, I saw Mr. Young first, among a half a dozen rough specimens of humanity. I called out, "Mr. Young, surrender." He jumped up, startled by such an unceremonious summons. However, as soon as he recognized the innocent Lamb his consternation vanished and his countenance assumed old-time friendly relations. (By way of explanation, Mr. Young and his wife had separated years before in Iowa, he having drifted West to the mining camps of Blue River, and was the father-in-law of David Lamb's wife.) A warm welcome was ours, around a cheerful fire, while strong coffee effected wonders in dispelling fatigue and banishing slumber, as we recounted the history of the past decade.

Next morning, after a rough, rustic breakfast, we turned our ponies over for safe-keeping to a horse ranchman. Then we started out on the trail, prospecting for days with some old miners who had had experience in California. We traversed the banks of the Blue River for twenty miles or more from its source, as well as many of its tributaries,—California, Illinois, French, Iowa, and Humbug gulches, —finding golden specks in all black sands; however, not in sufficient quantity to encourage investment to any great extent. We worked several days on a

stream called Gold Run; here the gold was coarse, rewarding us with nuggets quite encouraging.

After finishing our placer mine on Gold Run, we went in with a syndicate (seven in number) to open and work some claims on the Blue River three miles below the town of Breckenridge. Our company of seven men first built a double log cabin, covering it with poles, spruce bark, and dirt, fixing our sleeping bunks from ground floor to ridge-pole. Then, with a whip-saw, we made five hundred feet of lumber for sluiceways and other emergencies. Here we toiled for six weeks, with results entirely inadequate to meet demands or expectations. But with dogged perseverance, with hundreds of other miners, we stayed with it.

A miners' meeting was called for general consultation. At this convention a plan was formulated and resolutions passed for the purpose of damming the stream near its head and turning it from its channel into an artificial canal, hoping and expecting by this enterprise to get down to bed-rock and find gold nuggets in rich profusion. Our company was taxed to make three hundred feet of this canal, as we owned that length on the river. With about two hundred miners working with avaricious ambition, this work was soon accomplished. Then our mining fraternity assembled, as one fellow graphically, though not reverently, expressed it, "to dam the damned stream and compel its surrender." While humorous jests, witty flings, and extravagant expressions of forthcoming wealth was the poetry of the occasion, handling and heaving logs, stone, and

brush was the prose that dammed the stream. We succeeded in turning the main volume into the canal. Many then realized their golden dreams, for from the pockets of the bed-rock shining nuggets were obtained, our company sharing in this luxury, the bright yellow medium answering material wants.

Another pleasant feature resulting from this enterprise, which inspired zest among the miners, was the catching of scores of trout. These fish replenishing muscle and brain, we went to work again with vim and mountain vigor, each day bringing some comfortable looking nuggets.

Miners' meetings were frequently called to arrange matters in regard to boundary lines of districts, recording deeds, and other miscellaneous business. These gatherings of rough miners furnished a lesson to the student of human nature not found in civilized centers, for it seems to be a stern provision of natural ethics, that if you want true simplicity, natural dignity, courtesy of conduct, and courage of convictions, you must eliminate from society and the social circle all strained and superficial relations imposed by conventional customs. You must tear off the tinsel of affected manners and the gilding from hypocritical pretensions to find man in his normal condition and primal frankness. Here you can find a man without the trouble and expense of the philosopher's lantern. Here we have the contrast in plain colors, as presented by these miners of wild mountain solitudes, where there was no polemic display, nor legislative action since the morning stars sang their pæans of praise and rejoicing.

I was intensely interested in watching them as they came from up and down the river, concentrating at these miners' meetings. They came walking with vigorous step, evidencing independence of personal character, and freedom from oppressive taxation and the tyranny of unrighteous laws; each man with a rifle over his shoulder and a revolver dangling from his belt, and for a finishing appendage a knife in his scabbard, thus embodying a traveling arsenal, constituting a moving legislature, being fully prepared to legislate and enforce the penalty of law with undelayed technicality. One not acquainted with miners' tactics might conclude that there was danger on every side by such environments. Not so. In figuring among and associating with hundreds of miners at Tarryall and Blue River, I never saw a drunken tramp, never saw a fight, never heard a bitter insinuation. A miner's hearty grasp with one of brief acquaintance indicated appreciation, and the readiness to give a cup of coffee or to divide the last dish of biscuits with a brother miner or prospector evidenced a heartiness not always found in fine society.

From the foregoing the inference might be drawn, from the contrasting of the two features of society, that I was denouncing the one and eulogizing the other, but my intention has been to exhibit natural and hearty simplicity as against affected mannerisms when there is no heart in them. Society has generated customs and established conventional codes that trammel freedom of actions and feelings; class legislation that favors the few, discriminating against the many; making countless thousands mourn freedom

from such unjust laws and unrighteous restrictions, bringing us back to primitive conditions and better life.

Whether it be a reflection or not against my lack of refinement or cultivation, I love the simplicity of life, whether in mansion, cabin, or around a friendly camp-fire. These hearty greetings, this kind hospitality, this generous friendship known and enjoyed in the old Rockies of the Blue River district will not be effaced from memory's tablet—a bright spot in the experience and march of life. Our mines did not prove to be very rich, but we got enough to replenish present wants; that is, if tough beefsteak, leather cake, and bread could satisfy. But we had, for a change, nice trout, and sometimes our hunters would bring in a fat deer or mountain sheep. The hardest bill of fare we ever experienced was when we tried to masticate and digest beaver steak. (This, by the way, was an entirely new dish, a little improvement on fried chips.)

CHAPTER IX.

The failure of crops in Kansas in 1860 and the gathering war clouds compelled our return home to our families, and we bade the mountains a reluctant farewell. We got our ponies from the ranch in fat condition, they having enjoyed a long summer's rest. We were four in number. Four days' travel brought us out of the mountains to a camping-place on the Platte River, nearby the growing city of Denver, now under the jurisdiction of municipal government. Going through the city to get our supplies for the journey across the plains, we discovered that push and rush characterized the actions of all; in every department an intense eagerness to secure the almighty dollar. We also saw evidence of our boasted and boasting civilization under the wings of civil jurisdiction, for at each prominent corner there was a legalized saloon running full blast; the fragrance and inelegant language emanating therefrom indicating the murderer's cell and a byway to hell. This sad fact was tragically illustrated before we left the city. Two chums drinking at the same bar got into an altercation over some point. Abusive words were indulged, expletives were hurled at each other without economy, and one of the disputants finally left the saloon, going up the street. The other, to show doubtful bravery, followed after him in a menacing manner. The retreating man whipped

out his revolver and shot his pursuer, tearing off the top of his head. Another victim of legalized rum.

We left the city in the early morning, thinking to get away from these unpleasant features of transgression and crime. But the fact was fully evidenced to us that evening that you cannot escape trouble nor get beyond the realm of vexation and anxiety; whether in mountain ranges or valley broad, in mansions of wealth or the hovels of poverty there is trouble and sorrow.

The Indians of the plains had become dissatisfied and finally exasperated by such a voluminous travel across their hunting grounds, and were making determined efforts to stop it, having already committed some depredations on small companies. Having come thirty-five miles, we had to camp for the night. To add to our anxiety, Enoch Mills was taken ill with mountain fever. We camped close to a willow patch by the river, lariating our ponies on good grass, then supped our coffee and prepared for the night. Just at this juncture we saw coming from the east a large body of Indians, probably five or six hundred strong. This dark volume moved slowly on in two columns down to the river, not far from our encampment, pitching their tepees and turning loose their ponies. Whether they were peacefully inclined or hostile, we were compelled to stay with the situation. Having pitched their tepees, two swarthy bucks came riding swiftly up to our wagon, exclaiming, "How-how!" We concluded to compromise with them, if possible, by giving them some cold biscuits, which they at once devoured with doggish avidity and sav-

age satisfaction. After taking in our situation, they unceremoniously departed for their own encampment; but who could tell their intentions or what they would do before morning light? These unpleasant surroundings, shadowing forth dark possibilities, conspired to fill my mind with suspense. While of necessity in close attention waiting upon my sick friend, fanning away the swarms of mosquitoes and giving medicine through the silent watches of the night, I could not help thinking of my lonely wife and helpless children six hundred miles away, and of what might be my fate before morning, and consequently theirs. Added to these somber reflections, the wind was wailing a mournful requiem through the willows, making me think of the wailing of Dante's lost spirits in that dark and dismal inferno. These dark reveries were not optimistic, nor were they pleasant while contemplating the possibilities of our situation. Naturally this wrought up one of life's most trying contingencies, requiring not only the arousing but the marshaling of our best and strongest forces in order to stem the tide. Material and moral forces have enabled man to overcome in the world's great battle-fields of conflict.

Next morning, finding our scalps intact, we thanked God and took courage, but came to the intelligent conclusion that distance would lend enchantment to the view. We were not taking much stock in that oft-misused sentiment, "noble red man." A brief breakfast and unusual dispatch in hitching our ponies to the wagon, and we were on our journey, Mills still burning with a fever as we went forward.

Toward the danger line of Indian depredations we kept continually scanning the plains, not because we desired to see redskins, but hoping to be blessed with their non-appearance.

Thirty-five miles brought us to the most dubious section of the road between Denver and the Missouri River. We stopped three hours to let our ponies rest and feed, preparatory to an all-night travel, each one of us, except the sick man, indulging in a full quart of strong coffee. When our time was up we rigged our team and started under the protecting wings of darkness, calling into exercise all the reserve force our ponies possessed. About midnight the gathering clouds obscured the starlight, and our ponies, incidentally or accidentally, left and lost the road. Our first intimation of this lost condition was when we were brought up against an embankment ten feet high. This digression involved some trouble, for it was guessing in the darkness in regard to the course to take in order to gain the road. We got out of the wagon, stalking around like blind Pharisees in search of righteousness. Finally coming to what appeared to be a beaten path, we got down on our hands and knees for closer inspection. Finding to our satisfaction that we were on the right path, we wended our way on through the wee small hours without further mishap, though getting somewhat drowsy towards break of day. In the dim light of morning I saw a ranch-house in the distance. The light increasing revealed the fact that the Stars and Stripes was floating in the morning breeze in bold, bright relief above the house. My heart thrilled with

gladness. Where is the man, the American, whose heart does not respond to the sight and touch of that triumphant banner, whether upon land or sea, mountain height or valley broad? There seems to be a magnetic influence in its folds that inspires courage and pride of national glory and fame. I then aroused the others from their comatose condition. They all rejoiced at the welcome sight, even the sick man's countenance radiating with hope. We found the army of defense consisting of six men, well armed and ready for combat. One would suppose, from their boasting, that they could whip all the Indians out of hades, squaws, papooses, and dogs included. We were glad to halt under this bright flag for some time. We also found here a disciple of Æsculapius, whose diagnosis of road conditions induced a halt for safety. Of him we procured medicine for our patient. Mills improved under his prescription.

We again resumed our journey homeward. One morning, directly after leaving camp, we aroused a small herd of buffaloes. They started off leisurely, south from the river. David Lamb quickly got his gun from the wagon and followed them a short distance. Getting in close range, he fired, bringing one of them to skinning terms. With a large quantity of this huge animal, we drove down to the river, staying in camp all day, in order to jerk the meat for our journey over the plains.

One of our quartet here left us, going with friends to Iowa, his former home. We gave him a quantity of our jerked meat and friendship's warm handclasp in parting. For months this genial young man

had amused and cheered us with his songs and witty flings, on the road as well as in Blue River's lonely cabin. We have never seen nor heard from him since that parting. There is something sadly pathetic in forming friendships with like affinities, then by time and distance separating forever. But there is one ineffaceable feature connected with such experiences—these pleasant associations are engraven on memory's sacred tablet forever.

A few days after this, we were crossing a wide expanse of table-land a mile from the river. The dark clouds had been gathering for some time, and the distant rumble of thunder gave us warning of an approaching storm. Occasional flashes of lightning acted as an advance guard to this coming deluge of water. Whether we believed in Baptist immersion or modest Presbyterian sprinkling seemed not to alter the fatal downpour that broke loose upon us in such a merciless manner. There were neither trees nor brush to offer partial protection; the rain descended in torrents all over and around us, making rills and lakelets. Thunder and lightning mingled in awful and majestic maze,—nature's grand drama, minimizing man's presumptuous, egotistic power. During this terrific storm I was compelled to stand by our ponies, holding and trying to soothe the frightened creatures. They seemed to think the judgment was fast approaching. Mills was on his couch, under scant protection. I love the awful and sublime in nature's realm, but would not have objected to modifications in this experience. And right here and now let me suggest to those contemplating an overland

trip across the plains, pray to be delivered from the luxury of such storms.

Ten days after this watery episode we crossed the Kansas River at Topeka, the capital of the fast-growing Sunflower State, then on down the river, through Lawrence, reaching home after an absence of months. I found all well, only the crops were almost an entire failure. Blighting southwest winds and lack of rains resulted in the notorious Kansas famine of 1860-61. But I was glad to find well the wife and babies—Charles, Lawrence, and Ella, then November 7 Lillian came on an extended visit, as was evidenced by her staying with us until she was married. Well, the old world does move on, after all.

CHAPTER X.

War's Calamities.

With this historic Kansas famine upon us, it was not a pleasant or cheering outlook to a man with an increasing family and available assets not amounting to more than ten dollars. This condition was sufficient to cause solicitude on our part. However, we got through by hook or crook, without stealing or starving. For the first time in life we asked for and received some assistance, overcoming both positive and negative conditions. Added to this dark picture were the war-clouds, gathering thick and fast, threatening the disruption of our giant nation.

After the inauguration of President Lincoln in 1861, new troubles commenced which were of serious import. The South concluded to withdraw from the Federal compact entirely and establish a state government of its own with the institution of slavery as chief corner-stone. This move was commenced by some of the States seceding from the Union. The doctrine of State's rights was advocated with special emphasis; the fires in the temple of Mars were vigorously stirred by ambitious men and leaders in the Southern States. Northern statesmen were impressed with the conviction that an irrepressible conflict must come because of the institution of slavery in the South and the principle of equality in the North. This national question for a long time had

been agitating the public mind. Spirited controversy arose in the social circle, in the political arena, and in our halls of legislation. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the fugitive slave act, and the infamous Dred Scott decision gave the North sufficient grounds for dissatisfaction with our national legislation. This fact served to increase the strength and number of the Republican party. This resulted in Lincoln's election, exasperating the South. But secession could not be recognized as legal; States' rights and Government jurisdiction could not harmonize. Thus, while many were hoping and praying that civil war might be averted and peace maintained, South Carolina let loose her artillery on Fort Sumter. This act precipitated matters at once, firing the national heart from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and brought the administration to decisive measures in order to save the Union. Consequently, the President issued a proclamation for a force of seventy-five thousand volunteers to defend and protect Government property, awaiting the assembling and action of Congress before assuming the privilege of larger measures. This action of the President in calling out volunteers caused a tremendous guffaw of derision by the secession congress, at that time assembled at their capital, Montgomery, Alabama. Derisive threats and epithets were hurled at the Government for presuming to whip the South with seventy-five thousand volunteers. They seemed not to see or understand the finality of the great drama now pending. In brief we have presented the primary causes leading up to this fraternal strife,

this tragedy of civil war. We ask the statesmen, philosophers, and humanitarians why it is that no great reform is ever effected for the bettering of men and nations without bloodshed? Holy Writ declares that without blood shedding there is no remission of sins. Did the slave mart, the auction block, the lash of the taskmaster, the cry of oppression, the damning licentiousness of slavery demand the sacrifice of half a million men who went down in dusty death during our terrible Civil War? It is one of the strange problems of the world's history that this appeal to arms for the settlement of differences and difficulties of opinion has characterized man's actions down through the ages, and all dispensations, whether barbarian or civilized, savage or Christian, guaranteeing equality of rights to all.

One episode of my own experience during this strife, then, for the present, I will dismiss the war subject. It was when General Price was retreating south from Kansas City, and General Pleasanton was in close pursuit. October 24, 1864, General Price camped at the trading post with his army, General Pleasanton only two miles in his rear. Price started early on the morning of the 25th for the Mine Creek crossing, but General Pleasanton's army was so pressing them that they were compelled to fight. Hearing occasional firing and skirmishing not far from our residence on Mount Carmel, myself and two others rode out on the open prairie to investigate. We discovered a small squad of horsemen about a half mile distant from us. They seemed to be prospecting, also; but as soon as they saw us four of their doubt-

ful party started directly for us. As they drew nearer we discovered their blue Union overcoats, and of course thought them Union soldiers; we saw no arms. They asked for news and information about the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, claiming that they belonged to it; but at a given signal from their leader they whipped out their six-shooters, presenting them at our heads with emphatic words and tones, and demanded our money. Under these strained circumstances, we of course surrendered our pocketbooks without expostulation. The other gentlemen slid down from their horses and jumped over a fence into a corn-field, their would-be captors firing at them as fast as they could pull trigger. One of them escaped without a scratch; the other was shot through the hand, leaving it in ornamental fragments. Both got into a wilderness of corn and escaped, losing their horses.

My captor's attention was drawn to that passing event for perhaps two or three seconds, but with revolver held close to my breast. While his head was thus turned away, I was impressed to escape, not having made arrangements for imprisonment. In fact, it did not suit my complexion to be unceremoniously taken away in that manner. Clapping my heels into the flanks of my little mare, Nell, I started under very doubtful circumstances. I had gained an intervening space of about fifty feet when my captor opened fire on the retreating Lamb. The first ball whizzed close to my left ear; the next shot went through both coat backs, midway between neck and hips; the fourth struck me just back of the shoulder

blade. The effect of this ball was more tangible than the preceding ones, being of sufficient force to turn me out of balance. Losing my equilibrium, I fell to the ground. Picking myself up as quickly as possible, I darted into a patch of scrub oak shrubbery, getting away with rapidity. Just as I was crossing a dim road, that disreputable knight of shooting proclivities, having secured the mare, came galloping up the road, and, with bitter oaths and murder in his eye and heart, presented his revolver within a foot of my head, pulling on the trigger at the same time. The barrel did not revolve. He drew it back and with his left hand turned the barrel with difficulty. My life's drama was whirling with electric tenseness through my mind, for I was expecting the crashing shot through my head. What an eternity of thought in five seconds! His revolver fell to his side as though his arm was paralyzed. What passed through his mind to prevent his shooting, I will perhaps never know. He then ordered me to take off my overcoat, which I did without controversy. He then took my mittens, pocket-knife, and diary, and said, "Now you follow me, and if you attempt to get away I will finish you." I followed him a short distance, then, coming to a dense thicket, I turned to right angles with a bound which would compete with an ordinary hound, and disappeared so quickly from the stage that the proprietor's contemplated drama was never completed. In running I held my left hand in my right, for I thought my shoulder was broken, as my arm was paralyzed. I ran as fast as possible, wetting Kansas soil with the blood of the

Lamb and burning with thirst, which is common with all wounded. Coming to the bottom of the ravine, and finding a little rill of water, I halted long enough to quench my thirst and bathe my bleeding shoulder, then, climbing higher up the hill into thick underbrush, I laid myself prone upon the ground, for I was getting materially weak from this new excitement—running and blood-letting. I then commenced recounting the interesting events of the morning—robbed of twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, a ten-dollar overcoat, and other articles by this freebooter from Missouri, besides a broken shoulder as a special reminder of the glorious war.

By this time General Pleasanton emerged from the timber, and Price was compelled to fight or surrender. Accordingly an appeal was made to the god of war. Mars arranged his parks of artillery, unlimbered his guns, and prepared for the work of carnage and death—the music that Napoleon seemed to love. From my retreat in the ravine I could hear the skirmishing of the advance guard, the prelude to the approaching conflict. The noise made by the rifle regiments as they were coming into action, mingled with the awful roar of death-dealing artillery, increased in volume until it seemed like heaven and earth clashing together. I listened to this terrible music of Mine Creek battle now raging with sulphurous fury, and thought of the causes that led up to this fraternal strife, this controversy in reference to the right and wrong of human slavery. The arguments of moral suasion and equality of human rights had been tried and rejected. Logical repre-

sentations had been ignored, intelligent deductions spurned, and the most pathetic cries of human nature by Wendell Phillips and Garrison were scorned. The heart-touching, thrilling appeals of Charles Sumner or of the immortal Wilberforce for human rights were derided as relics of weakness and superstition. Even ministers of the gospel sanctioned and tried (from a Bible standpoint) to sanctify slavery as a God-designed institution. The ethics of peace and good will to all mankind as taught by Jesus Christ and Paul and Peter failed to convert or convince. Saltpeter, with other combinations, was now being vigorously applied with terrible emphasis. The rumble and roaring of cannon and rifle and the clash of steel was another kind of argument that was not governed by forensic display nor threatening gestures of fast-approaching wrath. Thousands of ambitious leaders, as well as nations that would not heed overtures nor arbitrations for peace and justice, have been compelled to succumb to cannon's roar and saber's clash. So it was with General Price and his army. These factors of war constituted arguments sufficient to convince and knock down the strongest and most stubborn. General Pleasanton gained the victory over his enemy, then came the shout of triumph—for what? Because we have succeeded in slaughtering hundreds of our fellow-mortals now cold in death on Mine Creek's fatal battle-fields. Such costly victories break the mother's heart, cause the wife's tears and the lover's grief, wrap in gloom the domestic circle because of the loved and lost who will return no more. O War, these are thy trophies,

thy crowning victories, thy epitaph of greatness and power,—the shipwreck of nations and kingdoms, stranded on the shores of time.

When the music of the death carnival ceased and the shout of victory had reverberated over hill and plain, leaving the field alone with the dead and dying, I left my retreat in this memorable ravine, found a neighbor's house, and had my shoulder dressed by two kind-hearted ladies who chanced to be at home. I was just in the act of lying down when once of the ladies exclaimed, "There comes another stray animal." I stepped out on the veranda, and there, to my glad surprise, was my little mare, Nell, from whose back I had fallen four hours previous. Who will dispute the fact that many times truth is stranger than fiction? Aside from this presentation, infidels or agnostics could not efface from my mind the belief that God's special providence was evidenced in this entire transaction. My time had not come to be turned into an angel. In less than a week, with another man, my arm in a sling, we rode over the sanguinary field of strife, the silent men and horses plainly indicating the bounds of the infernal tragedy enacted on this sacred soil a few days previous. The strife was so intense between Missouri and Kansas that they would scarcely bury the dead of contending forces. These dead soldiers of Price's army were generally stretched out full length with their hats or caps drawn over their faces. Raising these coverings, we saw plainly the agony of body and mind that these poor fellows endured while paling in death in this helpless condition, burning

with thirst, with no kind hand to bathe the fevered brow or to give a cup of water to cool the swollen tongue of the dying, departing soldier, far from home and the ministrations of wife, mother, and sister. Alone, alone, with none to weep and none to mourn, passing down through death's dark vale. Oh, how sad to the reflecting mind! Who can tell the sensation of the one thus departing from earthly scenes and confronting eternal mysteries and fixed destiny?

But the gloss of prose and the muse of poetry have thrown a mantle of glory and fame over the battle-field of these dark scenes of desolating death. This deceptive glamour has lured multiplied thousands into military ranks, seeking doubtful glory and uncertain fame—human sacrifices upon Moloch's altar to the god of war. But the fires still burn in the temple of Mars.

In the spring of 1866, in the month of May, leaving the fields of war, we moved to the plains of Nebraska, in Saline County, seventy-five miles from the Missouri River and six miles from the beautiful Blue River, locating on Swan Creek, a tributary of the Blue. The merits and demerits of this location will be found in Chapter XI.

CHAPTER XI.

Here we find ourselves on and in a new and wild domain, where, in all probability, white men have never ruled or reigned. There has always been something fascinating to me in points and places where white men have never been.

We homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres of Government land, which lay one mile in length along the living stream of Swan Creek; twenty-five miles to the nearest post-office, store, or mill. With a family of a wife and four children, and ten dollars in currency, these circumstances called for the marshaling of will-power, dogged determination, and unlimited perseverance in order to overcome obstacles and conquer difficulties. But, doubting not, we went to work building our cabin. Turning the virgin soil of ten acres, we put in corn, rejoicing in health and prospective wealth in this new territory. Our hopes were realized by good harvests, cribs of corn, fat pigs, and full granaries.

Then came the turning-point of my life—a change for time and eternity. Doubtless there is an inexplicable divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may. Going back in life's journey to the time when I was only ten years old, I was vividly impressed that I must preach the gospel. Though continuing to lead and live a somewhat reckless life, I was never able to rid myself of that plain conviction, and when fully enlisting in God's service in the

year 1868, this impression came with double force. (I firmly believe that there is a divine call to the ministry.) However, my will-power rebelled against this mission, and financial circumstances, as well as lack of educational preparation, were not favorable, so these negations seemed to preclude the possibility altogether. Still, notwithstanding these forbidding obstacles, I enlisted in this new calling. A dense grove by Swan Creek, with the stars shining down on the submissive scene, was witness to my surrender then and there to do the will of God, by sustaining grace and wisdom to direct. While some will read these lines while I am living and associating with them, others will, perhaps, when I am calmly resting beneath the evergreens. I want this to go on record for all and for all time, that I have tried to be faithful to this mission, to this calling, for thirty-seven years past, thanking God for the privilege, and shall continue these ministrations while strength and opportunity permit.

In this new field of labor I soon experienced some facts and figures not conceived before coming in daily contact with human nature, with its multiplied diversity and sinful perversity. It was a trying school in which to learn hard lessons. Here were experienced denial, toil, and trials on one side; on the other, peace, joy, and consolation. This diversity of experience is doubtless necessary for us in order to advance the perfection of our Christian growth. This fact is fully evidenced by observation and experience. The beauty of forest, field, or flower could not be brought to perfection of maturity by eternal

sunshine; the gathering clouds, the rumbling thunder, the lightning's play, and descending storms are necessary factors for this consummation. As this is true with reference to the material, it is none the less true of the moral or spiritual domain. Jesus Christ was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; Saint Peter and Paul needed chastisement; Savonarola, Luther, Wesley, and Whitefield needed opposition in order to generate Christian courage and vigor. They learned patience and perseverance by these trials and opposing elements. Therefore, we arrive at the intelligent conclusion that they serve to energize with vital force and bring out and develop resources and capacities not before suspected. The persecutions originating in Jerusalem at the commencement of the Christian era served the grand purpose of scattering the missionary fire throughout Palestine and the Gentile world.

With my faithful colaborer and brother-in-law, W. J. Caldwell, we went forward on the frontiers of Kansas and Nebraska. We preached in dwelling-houses, many of them constructed of sod, sometimes in dugouts; occasionally the luxury of a tolerable schoolhouse was offered for service. We came in contact with sufficient diversity to satisfy the most curious in regard to human nature—the poor and the rich, the cultured and the uncultured, living in cabins, sod houses, dugouts, and tents.

We succeeded in organizing a number of classes on the Little Blue, Turkey Creek, and the West Blue, finding some who had been members or Christians in the East, but who were entirely too modest

to confess the same until the matter was forced upon them. It was not all sunshine during these efforts. We were annoyed a great deal by the pestiferous redskins. The Omaha and Pawnee tribes naturally had to pass through our sparsely settled neighborhoods in going to and from their hunting expeditions farther west, on the Solomon Fork and Republican rivers. On these trips they would camp on our streams, and, as they were notorious beggars, we were compelled to feed them, high prices for food notwithstanding. Then the thieving rascals would steal corn for their hominy, and anything else they could appropriate. Who was it said, "Noble red man of the West"? Bah, bah!

Then, further on, we had more serious trouble with these noble red men of the plains. They became exasperated with what they considered an encroachment on their rightful domain—that is, the voluminous travel across the plains, which were their buffalo grounds, and the settlements gradually extending up the streams west to the Republican River. They made a united effort not only to stop the travel on the road, but to drive the settlers out of the country. With this determined object in view, a large body of the Sioux swept down the Little Blue River, killing many settlers, taking some captive, and stealing horses and driving off cattle. They came close to our settlement and massacred a number on Big Sandy. I was called out there to preach the funeral of some murdered in their harvest-fields. Then a Mrs. Eubanks and a Miss Laura Roper were taken prisoners, also two children, whom they tommy-

hawked to death on account of their crying from fright. Caldwell, myself, and other settlers to the number of one hundred or more, went to the front under Governor Butler's orders to guard the border. We moved our families down east of the Big Blue River and threw up a sod embankment for a breast-work of protection in case the Indians should venture that far east. Quite a large number concentrated here in the little town of Beatrice, remaining there while we were on the front, guarding.

We enjoyed one sensational scare while on duty during these doubtful times. One evening, just as we fell back to our quarters (our guard-house), one of our advance pickets came in with great alarm and reported a large body of Indians on the south side of the Blue River, who seemed to be slipping down stream in a skulking manner. Of course we at once adopted strenuous measures of defense; barricading, loopholes, guns, revolvers, swords, axes, and pitch-forks were all brought into requisition for a determined defense. We then waited expectantly for an attack that did not come. But we kept on guard all night, ready and almost anxious for action. About midnight the two dear ladies who were with their husbands on guard, got us up a first-class supper, including coffee strong enough to knock an ordinary Indian down. Daylight found us all glad and happy. About a month from this time the troubles were all ended, and we disbanded, bringing our families home again.

Once more we started out to fight in the great moral conflict against the world, the flesh, and the

gentleman who caused the transgression in Eden's garden, called the devil. Our bill of fare was not always inviting or at all inspiring. One instance I am inclined to mention. We were received for the night under some protest, but as it was late we were compelled to stay. By strenuous effort we endured the night and the pessimism of our gloomy host and hostess. Our bill of fare corresponded with these other negations. It consisted of corn bread, rabbit, and stewed pumpkin, and, as if to add insult to injury, the coffee was incomprehensible, if not abominable. (Perhaps made from corn crumbs saturated with sorghum. I thought of megmarillis stews and the witch of Endor. This primitive fare was not very inspiring for heavy preaching, even to rough rustics. If I could have had my choice, I certainly would have preferred that Oriental bill of fare of broiled fish and honeycomb, instead. If, on this occasion, I presented any strong argument or anything poetic, I have no recollection of it. I am very sure that I made no attempt to preach from any text found in Saint John's Revelation.

During the summer season it was quite pleasant traveling over these expansive savannas, getting magnificent views of nature's immensities; but in the winter seasons it was very different—cold winds, storms, and snow-drifts in fearful abundance. During the winter of 1887-88, I traveled the Mill and Rose Creek Mission and the Horseshoe Circuit, the former having twelve places or appointments, the latter eight; an appointment filled every night and twice on Sunday until the round was made. I re-

member very distinctly the suffering endured while traveling these rounds. Sometimes a twenty-mile ride up the Blue River in the teeth of a northwester, or across a ten-mile plain from one stream and settlement to the next. These chilling factors were trying on one's treasury of faith. Many times I would get so intensely chilled that I would dismount and drive my faithful horse in front to brace against the winds, wading through snow-drifts and at the same time having conflicts with Mr. Self and resisting the devil. You white-necktied and Prince-Albert-coated clergymen of the East scarcely know how to preach a practical, experimental discourse on self-denial and cross-bearing. Get out of your fine parlors and soft slippers and learn something of primitive hard times and trying conditions before becoming self-constituted martyrs to imagination's court.

During these two years, Brother Caldwell and I traveled over thousands of miles of territory, organizing Christian societies and Sabbath schools, at the same time doing our own secular work on the farm in connection with these Christian labors, many times traveling from ten to twenty miles after an evening's service in order to be at home to commence work Monday morning, for our financial remuneration was very small, as might be expected from new and generally poor homesteaders on the Western border. For one year devoted to this mission work, we together received only sixty-three dollars.

CHAPTER XII.

The sunshine of our lives was darkened by the death of our two little girls, Minnie and Ida, frail flowers just blooming into childhood, whose bright eyes and happy smiles had won our heart's affection. Our hearts were made sad because of this untimely call. Sometimes the fairest flowers are soonest plucked. Little did we think when their mother was weeping over their tiny caskets that in less than a year she, too, would pass away. But such was the case. She went out from our home to rest beside the little lambs gone before. Her sun went down while it was yet noon. Oh, how strange, how inexplicable are these trials! These dear ones rest side by side in an Eastern cemetery. I then experienced an aching void, a bereaved family circle. Then came the thought forcibly to my mind, "Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Hope for reunion beyond, with an implicit faith in God's purposes and promises, enables us to triumph.

There is an invisible power imparting spiritual grace and strength divine to the loved ones who are going away from us down through death's dark vale. While earth is receding and the dews are gathering on mortal brow, and the heart beats faint and low, 't is then the veil is turned aside, and glimmerings of the great eternal are presented. "O death, where is thy sting?" There is triumph for the Christian while

passing through the shadows. Thus my wife's triumph. She repeatedly kept saying, "There will be no sorrow there, no more sorrow there, when lodged above the stormy blast."

IMMORTALITY.

As I was looking upon the faces of the departed ones for the last time on earth, my mind was intensely exercised in reference to the phenomena of separation and conscious existence beyond the vale. The ancient patriarch of the land of Uz was much concerned in reference to this important question of eternal interest when he asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" "To be, or not to be, that is the question." This sublime subject of immortality has commanded the attention and compelled the interest of mankind all down through the ages, for if closing the eyes in death is the dark sunset consigning man to silent oblivion, an eternal sleep, God's ways, designs, and purposes surely would not be equal.

As this problem cannot be decided by mathematical demonstration, let us try the law or the principle of deduction. Many things in the realm of the material and mortal are thus decided to man's satisfaction. God has made abundant provision to meet, satisfy, and gratify all earthly wants of the carnal nature; that is, in a lawful and righteous manner, providing clothing and comforts for the body against summer's heat and winter's blasts; forests, fields, orchards, and rich vineyards, all contributing of their bountiful store, prolific in measure, for these wants and to satisfy and sustain man's material nature.

But man's make-up in a mental sense, his desires and demands for knowledge in reference to earth and seas, lakes and rivers; his desire to know of the earth's strata, the component parts of air, of the twinkling stars in heaven's blue vault; of the beauty and mystery of the planetary system, whirling in majesty and power through eternal space, may, in a limited sense, be satisfied. It is possible to man's grasp, but mental knowledge and vast wealth do not meet spiritual wants or satisfy the soul's desires or aspirations for immortality and eternal life. God has therefore made the rich provision that through and by the gospel of Jesus Christ and his resurrection from the tomb, these desires may be met and happiness imparted with conscious existence.

This intuitive desire and expectation for conscious existence dwells in the breast of humanity almost universally. Men cannot get away from that innate principle that God has imparted, which is a prior evidence that man is immortal. Nirvana does not harmonize with man's hopes and aspirations. It would be strangely inconsistent and a supreme argument against the goodness and wisdom of God to make provisions for man's physical and mental make-up, but no provision for the higher, the spiritual, the immortal. Man loves life, clinging to it with persistent tenacity, notwithstanding that it is replete with suffering and sorrow. But with these sufferings and disappointments comes up the thrilling hope of a life some time where the clouds never obscure the light of life. The wild Indian of the plains has his ideal heaven of a happy hunting-

ground beyond this life, where there are beautiful streams and an abundance of game. The darker-skinned son of Africa has in his mind a prospective sunny clime of palm and orange groves, nature's ample store supplying all his wants. The Mohammedan ideal of heaven is grossly material, consisting of an abundance in a material sense—saddled horses and asses and black-eyed houris, all to gratify the baser passions. But as to the Christian born into the kingdom of God, made alive spiritually, with divine love for God's service, he feels and desires a higher realm, where his immortal nature will tower above and beyond carnal things. He desires a crown of life, a palm of victory, with the soul attuned to join in the praises of the choir immortal, while shouts of victory and pæans of glory and ten times ten thousand unite their voices in this grand orchestra of the innumerable throng who have passed up through tribulations and made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

These considerations compel our faith and inspire our hopes, giving us assurance of life everlasting. The laws of deduction bring us to these conclusions. Cause and effect are inseparably connected, cause and effect being the same in kind, but not in higher degree. The acorn is not the tree, but is the germ of the strong, majestic oak that defies the storm of winter and intense heat of summer.

So it is with reference to all creation, whether it pertains to things material or eternal. Man's spiritual make-up, his desires and hopes, aspirations and expectations, are at least inferential proof that the

provisional arrangement has been made by the Almighty to meet and satisfy these demands. Saint Paul's faith and his diligent, persevering service had become so strong, and his evidence for eternal things so great, that he exclaimed, with divine assurance, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The old, afflicted, and severely tried patriarch of the land of Uz declares, "After my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for myself and not another," and he seems to want this eternal fact indelibly graven with an iron pen in the rock forever, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Here is conscious existence in a state of happiness evidenced beyond the boundary line of this life in the great eternal.

The death-devoted Greek, when offering himself a sacrifice to fate, in answer to his wife's question whether they would ever meet again, said: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal, of the streams that flow on forever, of the stars in heaven's blue; all are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

So I have many times felt and thought when standing by the couch of loved ones departing, wife, children, and dear friends—the last, lingering, loving look, the hand's pressure, the inexpressible something indicated by the eyes now paling in the maze of death, "Meet me in heaven", the last pathetic request.

I am compelled to believe with the profligate infidel Altamont, that that which triumphs in the jaws of death is doubtless immortal.

"There everlasting Spring abides, and never-withering flowers,
Death like a narrow sea divides that heavenly land from ours."

"Is there a land, by us unseen,
Where Death's cold, chilling hand
Shall never touch the hearts of those who enter there?
Where youth immortal reigns
And wasting sickness never comes?
Bitter grief and anguish are unknown
To dwellers there.

"Shall eyes that into ours have fondly looked,
And then grown dim, brighten again
In that other land, and watch for those not there?
Shall the hushed voice revive again and speak
The well-remembered words we knew on earth
Long years ago?

"Shall these things be? or are life's brightest hopes
A dream, to mock the aching breast
By care and sorrow torn? Then is there no such word as rest
To mortals given?
These longing hopes which in the soul are born
Are but a nightmare
Enshrouding life.

"It cannot be that this is all of life!
To suffer here a few fleet years, and then
To dust return and never more our places take in God's universe,
To be as though we had not been,
Silent, forgotten, and forever lost.

"Nature to man no answer gives
His fate to read.
Locked are the gates of death
To science and to skill of lore.
Beyond the touch of human hand, beyond the tread of human feet,
Beyond the reach of human gaze
Lies that unseen, that promised land,
For which we hope.

" 'T is God alone the veil can lift, and open wide
The portals fair that lead to brighter realms.
At his command the gates of death shall stand ajar,
Shall stand,—while faith looks through the open way
And views with joy immortal life
Beyond in Paradise."

By Permission. REV. L. S. CORNELL.

RUSTIC HOME—*Aititude, 9,000 feet*

CHAPTER XIII.

In the month of April, 1870, myself, John Elliott, and Rev. W. J. Caldwell traveled two hundred miles to attend an annual conference held in the historic town of Lecompton, Kansas. At this grand gathering of hundreds from different parts of the State, including half a hundred preachers, we experienced new relations in religious amenities not known to us before; and the privilege of hearing strong men of mental and spiritual power preach the gospel, testifying to the grace of God's power to sustain in trials and duty. Such thrilling evidence from strong men, long in the service, served to increase my faith in the power, purposes, and promises of God.

> "Underneath are the everlasting arms,"
> "The eternal God is thy refuge."

Caldwell and myself were duly recommended by the conference to the committee on examinations for elder's orders. The committee consisted of the venerable Zook, a father in the conference; Benjamin Lewis, Cardwell, and Bonebrake. This strong quartet of theologians took us through the ethical range of religious tenets of faith, repentance, salvation, and redemption.

While they seemed to take delight in submitting to us puzzling problems, we took the privilege of suggesting hard nuts for them to crack. When the chair-

man of this committee reported our case to the conference, he said that the examination with reference to the applicants was quite favorable, but that they were not so well satisfied with the examination that the applicants forced upon them. This statement brought a rather boisterous, religious laugh at the committee's expense. Even the dignified bishop had to suppress his inclination to laugh, compromising with a smile. The Sunday following we were ordained and given elder's orders—April 17, 1870.

At the close of this session, Bishop Dickson called for missionary volunteers, two for the Colorado and two for the California field. I gave my name for Colorado. Caldwell and I then bade farewell to the conference and our new-made friends and returned to our Nebraska home in Saline County, making four hundred miles of travel for Christ's sake and the Church.

"I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand."

In connection with activities and interests during these years, I was united in marriage with my present and second wife. This marriage transpired on the twenty-ninth day of September, 1868, Rev. Benjamin Lewis, of Lecompton, Kansas, officiating, as he was our presiding elder that year and was attending our quarterly at that time. This marriage arrangement brought together two families of children—one girl, Lillian, and seven boys, hearty, robust fellows. Three of the boys belonged to my

wife by a former marriage. Of course this gathering required righteous administrating qualifications, and if on my side there were negations in abundance, on my wife's side there was a sufficient quantity for all necessary purposes. Therefore, being deferential, I permitted her to wield the scepter and wear the crown. She had the tact of General Grant for governing, if not the fighting capacity. Then I don't believe in lordly man dominating, Saint Paul to the contrary notwithstanding.

Wife came to my home and took in the complications of a mixed family, and wisely conquered and controlled. Surely a good wife is from the Lord, and a gracious inheritance to be appreciated. Thus it is in life's onward march, replete with change in life's field of diversity—sorrow, joy, and sunshine, shadows, sadness, and gladness, and success and disappointment.

We held some protracted meetings over on the West and Big Blue rivers after returning, organizing a class of twenty-five at one place and fifteen at another. We were engaged in a protracted meeting when a letter came from D. K. Flickinger, our Missionary Secretary at that time, saying: "The Board has this day decided that you go to Colorado to join Rev. St. Clair Ross in missionary effort for the upbuilding of our cause in Christ's name and the glory of God in those far-off mountains and vales"; and sending a two-hundred dollar check, with emphasis to be off at once. Therefore, in order to harmonize with the powers that be at Dayton, Ohio, I commenced making the necessary arrangements for going. And

right at this juncture I had a conflict with self and self-interests, a skirmish with the world's presentations and quite a controversy with the devil, that gentleman clothed in blackness, who deals in brimstone and the souls of men, and who always suggests and insinuates through the unsanctified carnal nature and the glittering fascinations of the world, with its witchery of false and fable charms. "Yes, sir," said the insinuator, "if you want to enjoy life in its fullness and glory, give your supreme attention to material things; concentrate the strength of body and mind for the accumulation of temporal things; exercise the genius of your better understanding in getting broad acres, fine mansions, rich appointments. With these appendages surrounding you, you can be happy." "Yes, sir," said old hoary sensuality, "gratify your baser passions, satiate your worldly proclivities, seek after fame, court honors; in short, bow down and worship at the shrine of Mammon's inviting goddess." Such presentations have confronted mankind in life's grand march all down through the ages till the present. "Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry," was the fool's soliloquy of the Bible, utterly ignoring that clear, ringing statement from heaven's Teacher, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Life's opportunities past and gone forever, invitations slighted, warnings neglected, God's great love for man, as evidenced by the gift and sacrifice of his Son upon the cross, not appreciated, neglected with chilling indifference, over which devils

rejoice and angels veil their faces in surprise at man's stupid wickedness and crimson crimes.

The twenty-fifth day of May, 1871, was a memorable epoch in my march of life. I bade my wife and children adieu, and, in company with my brother-in-law, W. F. Caldwell, started on our journey for Junction City, Kansas, that being the nearest railway station for Saline County, Nebraska. Three days' horseback riding brought us to the objective point. After one night's rest in the city, Caldwell bade me good-by, with an expressed prayer and wish for my prosperity. This parting severed the last link of kindred ties or acquaintances. For a short time I experienced a feeling of loneliness. Home and a loving wife and children are blessings to be appreciated, and the separation seems to intensify that home feeling. But denials must be endured and trials overcome and victories gained in order to a final triumph.

Well, here comes the express train for Denver City. All aboard, and we are off. The thrum and thrill of railroad traveling is at first exhilarating, but finally becomes monotonous. But occasional towns on our sunset journey, in connection with expansive plains, wild game, and the sight of numerous dog-towns, served to dispel the blues and helped us to harmonize with our surroundings. This is life's best policy, and good philosophy is to make an effort to be satisfied. There is much in that.

As the day declined and night was approaching, dark clouds commenced overshadowing the plains, with occasional mutterings of an approaching storm.

The roll of distant thunder emphasized the fact that nature was concentrating her mighty forces for the necessary purpose of watering the earth, purifying the atmosphere, and invigorating animate existence, evidencing power and sublimity. Only a little longer than I have taken to describe this approaching storm, and it broke loose upon us. Darkness enveloped the plains far and wide; dark clouds enswathed creation; thunders rolled in reverberations from north to south, while lightnings flashed with every peal of thunder. The rain descended in torrents, beating, splashing on our swift-rolling train, making a rhythmic music that was both sublime and weird to one inclined to contemplate natural phenomena.

These mingled forces of invisible power excite the mind and stir the soul with intense interest in reference to infinity in nature's laboratory operated in the realm of unmeasured and unknown space. Here we have enacted upon nature's stage a drama of mysterious forces, only partially understood by the greatest scientific minds—minds of people who have devoted time and attention to this investigation along many lines. But, aside from this consideration, here is a wonderful and impressive scene—on one side nature's laboratory let loose in darkness, thunder, and lightning, a beating storm; on the other side, man's inventive genius and executive ability. One seemingly pitted against the other. The storm raging, the thunder rumbling, the lightning tinging all with sublimity. Our ponderous train moved swiftly onward amid this cataclysm, like a demon inspired with intelligence and determination, bidding defiance

to the storm and the fury of elemental raging. After this hour of warring elements, we discovered, through rifts in the clouds, that neither heaven's blue nor the shining stars were extinguished. A sheen of starlight rested on the distant plains, beautifying all creation.

ODE TO NIGHT.

"O Night, thou art beautiful, whether in the stillness of thy starry twilight, or in the pearly, placid effulgence of thy moon, or when thou wrappest in a mantle of darkness and goest forth to the working of desolation. There is an awe-inspiring, sublime beauty to thinking minds even in these wild and weird exhibitions. God's transcendent power, written upon the blackboard of infinity; his supremacy over man's pride and infirmity. I love to see these demonstrations of omnipotence. O Night, thou art beautiful, whether bathed in starlight or clothed in darkness, or wrapped in storm, with a choir of whispering winds."

To thinking minds these presentations are intensely interesting, and ought to be instructive, also.

Morning came like a welcome visitor to all. The far-reaching plains shadowed forth immensity, where, for thousands of years, storms and sunshine held universal sway, to the music of wolves and the songs and weird chantings of redskins to the Great Spirit; these often changed into uncouth howlings in the hunting chase. The redskins then enjoyed these illimitable plains, untrammeled by the white man's innovations of iron horse and cultivation.

We had frequent views of buffaloes, right and left, sometimes in close proximity to our train, passengers firing their guns at them for pastime, however without perceptible damage. The graceful antelopes kept at a safer distance, inasmuch as they could not procure life insurance; but it was quite different with the saucy, impudent prairie dogs, (as the railroad track, in many instances, runs through their towns). These miniature dogs would come out of their houses or dens and would jabber at us in unmistakable terms of displeasure and disapprobation because of our intrusion on their solitary precincts, some of their constituted leaders even standing up with doggish dignity to explain their municipal town rights, and protesting with emphasis against our audacity in disturbing them.

On and on, swiftly going towards mountain sunsets, the snow-capped and climaxed range, like a reef of clouds against the western horizon, is to the view grand and sublime in beauty and wonder. Finally our train halts in the City of the Plains. After eleven years' absence, we are again found walking up and down the streets of Denver City. What great transformations! At that time Denver was a straggling town, and now it is a great city, and yet these great material advancements and wonderful developments only keep time with other stirring events wherever Caucasian blood and muscle dominate. Eleven years ago this embryonic city was scattered up and down Cherry Creek and the historic Platte River, with a population of perhaps eight or ten thousand, living in log houses and shanties; but now there are

beautiful streets, large business blocks, fine houses, brick mansions, and artistic surroundings, with luxurious appointments and appendages of ease and comfort, duplicating Eastern civilization fifty years older; right up to the mark and demands of our fastidious age, with a population of sixty-five thousand, representing many States of our Union, religiously, socially, and politically.

My chief reasons for thus giving the status of things are tangible, for here I expect to live, labor, and see results in regard to my own and the welfare of others in the uplifting and upbuilding of God's kingdom and the spread of Christianity. Seeking a shady retreat in one of the city parks, I rested and meditated on the present situation before starting on my twelve-mile journey down the river, where our first missionary, St. Clair Ross, then lived. (He had been sent by the Board a year in advance of my coming, by an Illinois Conference.)

While here resting I had another interesting controversy with the old gentleman, Mr. Self, he having followed me all the way from home, doubtless hoping for better vantage-ground. "Well, here I have you," said Mr. Self, "you are entirely among strangers, stranded on a bleak shore, a lonely Lamb surrounded by a busy throng of mammonites who care not for spiritual things. You have left wife and children and a pleasant home all in the background, to the neglect of your secular affairs and financial interests." This he said with a leer of triumph, thinking he had utterly demolished me by throwing fiery darts as rapidly as did old Apollyon when he confronted

Christian with a shower of these missiles when he was on his way to the Celestial City. "Well, Mr. Self," I replied, "there is one thing very plain to my mind, and that is this: You are not at all conversant with past history, and know but little of moral ethics, with a lack of kindly consideration for others. You have permitted self-interest to dominate perverted nature so long and to such an extent that you are void of the better graces that ought to characterize the brotherhood of humanity. Selfishness is one of the darkest curses in the drama of human nature. The world's bright history records this important fact, that for the uplifting and betterment of man's condition sacrifices must be made, instrumentalities must be used, time must be devoted, and proper and practical means applied. Without the sacrifice of grain sown broadcast in the earth's bosom, there would be neither probability nor possibility of gathering thirty or sixtyfold. The life of the acorn and its well-rounded beauty must be sacrificed in order to produce the mighty, majestic oak of the forest. There is that scattereth, but it serveth to increase. This being true in the material realm, it is none the less true in the intellectual and spiritual, and every one who assists in this grand work of uplifting, enlightening, instructing, and comforting is a factor of that grand army, that mighty host of good men, and women, too, who have devoted time and ability and sacrificed their lives for the salvation of others." Mr. Self was somewhat nonplussed at such logical arguments, but finally gaining courage, which was mixed with devilish audacity, said: "What have

you before you in this field of Christian endeavor that is so very inviting? The inhabitants of this country came here for gold and silver and the accumulation of wealth." Thinking he was gaining on me, he continued his pessimistic slogan by adding: "Won't it be a violation of good manners to go from house to house and from town to town to talk the Bible and present Christian duties and invite these Mammon-worshipers out to hear your gospel platitudes, when they much prefer the gain of prospective wealth?" "Surely," said he, with an air of selfish importance and a smile of doubtful victory, "this is very inviting for an innocent Lamb." I then quoted this scripture to this self-constituted censor: " 'Lay not up treasures for yourselves on earth, but in heaven,' and 'He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it again'—life more abundant beyond the vale. Material things pass away and perish, while eternal things will continue in ever-expanding life and glory through the mighty onsweep of eternal ages. Mr. Self, these are the tangible reasons that have induced me to leave home and farm, family and finance all in the background. Then, to emphasize my reasons more strongly, if possible, my firm belief in an invisible, almighty God compels my trust in the attributes of his nature—power almighty and perfect wisdom and love divine for his created subjects, his promises and purposes firm as the throne of heaven. Now, Mr. Self, with these facts and figures presented to you, and the mission of my life plainly impressed on my mind, I propose going forth into the field of action,

your unrighteous reflections and discouraging problems notwithstanding."

The hardest trial in the battle of life is to conquer Mr. Self, but he left me (for a time at least). But this must be done in order to succeed. The carnal mind must be brought into subjection to the will and word of God. It seems like a paradox, but in thus surrendering we gain the greatest victory of our lives.

Directly after this long controversy, I left the shade and fragrant flowers of my resting-place, knowing by past experience that it was best not to linger long in luring scenes nor to indulge in dreamy rest. A twelve-mile walk down the Platte River brought me to the home of Brother Ross, but I was very much disappointed in not finding him at home. He was away fifty miles on his mission. His wife, however, received me kindly, and, after a night's rest and the morning's invigorating air, I felt ready for action, so went down the river, enjoying the breeze and morning sunshine.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the Field of Action.

My roadway led me through pleasant scenery, aspens and willows fringing the roadway which ran parallel with the river. The birds, nature's songsters, singing their happy anthems attuned my spirits to thanks and praise. After making several calls and staying over night with Brother Hazzard's kind family, I returned to Brother Ross's, he having returned in the meantime. He met me with a kindly welcome as a coworker, and expressed a gladness that I had come to labor with him in Colorado's field. We very soon succeeded in breaking conventional ice, launching out in earnest, friendly conversation in regard to the present status of the church work and the course to be pursued for the future and final possibilities based upon these premises.

At this place was our first organization in Colorado, comprising twenty-eight members, the bone and sinew of the Platte neighborhood, twice the number that Christ commissioned to take the world for his kingdom. Not being disposed to despise the day of small things, Brother Ross and myself, after a few days' visiting in the home settlement, started out—our first trip together. Going by way of Denver, we called on some friends and enjoyed their company and kind hospitality for a few hours, then on to Rawlston Creek, fourteen miles west of Denver,

where we stopped with Brother Morrison's family. Saturday, having two appointments on Sunday, (on this memorable day I preached my first sermon in Colorado,) while meditating as a preparatory measure for this first effort, I was approached by an old gentleman whose name was "Vanity," who figured to some extent in the transgression and consequent fall. He suggested in whispering accents and with a sinister smile, "You would better make a tremendous effort on this, your first opportunity; spread yourself, soar high, surprise the natives." Then he said, further, "The Methodist Episcopal preacher is here to take items, therefore do your best, as your present reputation and future prestige depend on this effort." (I wonder if other small preachers have been tried along these lines with these vain thoughts.) I did not like the idea of any controversy under present pending conditions, but the devil, or self-vanity, has no courtesy or manners even in emergencies. Sometimes the severest temptations occur when falling over a precipice or in a raging storm. Jesus Christ had the hardest trial of his life in that dark hour in Gethsemane's garden, before the mock tribunal and his tragic death. This was evidenced by his earnest, struggling prayers.

I told this old hypocrite that I was somewhat acquainted with a very learned man who was noted for his piety and who was highly educated under Gamaliel's supervision at Hillel's school in Jerusalem, who, with his diploma in his coat pocket, said, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ." After this little controversy, I succeeded

in whipping this little cur (vanity) into the background and enjoyed good liberty in speaking. Some remarked that my earnest, emphatic manner was more indicative of the lion than of a Lamb. I never took the trouble to inquire or think whether these remarks were intended for compliments or criticisms, not being tenderly sensitive along these precarious lines of vanity.

Observation intensifies this fact: Man is a curious animal, a strange combination of mysterious contrarieties. No wonder that Pope says, "The proper study of mankind is man." Possessing a vast amount of audacity (great confidence in himself), a minimum of modesty; being courageous yet cowardly; optimistic in sunshine and fair sailing, whining like a whipped puppy under brief chastisements, which increases in volume unto a pessimistic howl; desiring to see something new, then dissatisfied with the new; anxious to hear, then not satisfied with hearing; often contrasting the present with the past in disparaging terms, then ready to declare that new developments, whether in church or state, are superior to anything in the past. Such are the characters with which we have to do; enough to make a Paul exclaim, "Oh, wretched man that I am," "Who is sufficient for these things?"

These reflections naturally arise from the contemplation of our surroundings at this time. We devoted two days in this vicinity visiting from house to house, impartially calling upon all, rich and poor, cultured and uncultured, sometimes treated kindly, sometimes with scant courtesy, hearing cheap com-

pliments and drastic criticisms. The question naturally and necessarily comes up, and confronts us like forbidding obstacles and dark difficulties, "What 's to be done, what course is to be pursued in order to harmonize these discordant elements of human diversities and perverted eccentricities? First, a minister must adapt himself to this diversity of human nature without compromising a righteous principle; as Paul says, "Becoming all things to all men." Yet Paul was not one to compromise with any evil or deviation. Jesus says to his disciples, (just as pertinent to-day to ministers,) "Behold I send you forth as sheep among wolves," and instructed them to be as wise as serpents and harmless as doves. How much did he mean by these instructions? Paul seems to have understood what he meant, as is evidenced by the following declarations: He was a Roman (a citizen of Rome); a Pharisee in belief (in reference to angels and the resurrection), yet he did not hesitate to denounce the hypocrisy and self-righteousness of the Pharisees; consorting with publicans and sinners, as did the Master; but never compromising with evil. Of all characters or professions, a minister must understand human nature in its diversity as far as he is able, in order to gain knowledge of the world, of the past, present, and future possibilities pertaining to these things, and especially man's relations toward his fellow-men and his Creator for all time and eternity. But the greatest volume of this knowledge, unless properly directed and righteously controlled, will not save or serve to guide aright. When this is accomplished, it then

amounts to wisdom which every one needs for the duties and obligations of this life. Then a minister ought to have a good stock of common sense and not be parsimonious in regard to drawing upon it when circumstances demand. There is pleasant and profitable harmony even in diversity.

Leaving Rawlston, we returned by way of Denver, inspecting some lots in the city for our church building, then on down the historic Platte River to Brother Ross's rustic home, feeling that a commencement had been made in my mission. The building of a church-house had been under contemplation in this neighborhood for some time before I came to Colorado, and some seven or eight hundred dollars already subscribed, but because of different opinions existing between Ross and some of the prominent members in regard to the size and location, nothing had as yet materialized. Not having been identified with this semi-religious controversy, it gave me the opportunity as a modifying, compromising element in settling these unpleasant differences of opinion. Endeavoring to keep the lamb in front and the lion in the background, I finally succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between these brethren. The location was selected and arrangements made for getting and delivering the material on the ground. This accomplished, we gained a victory.

Ross and I then made arrangements for a contemplated southern trip, prospecting new territory for Zion's advancement. Brother Ross having a horse, we gave fifty dollars' missionary money for a buggy. In this "Gospel Express" we set forth, not

knowing what was before us, trusting to common sense, but mainly to Providence. We went up the river, through Denver, and on to the little town of Littleton. Here lived a man by the name of Lilley, to whom I had been recommended by an acquaintance in Nebraska. This family received us kindly and treated us courteously. After a pleasant time of conversational enjoyment, his good wife invited us to the dining-hall to an excellent supper, which consisted of porterhouse steak, fragrant coffee, and other harmonizing concomitants. Some one has said, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." It must have been a potent factor on this occasion at least, for conventional ice was soon shivered and frank conversation was indulged in and enjoyed by all. Mr. Lilley, we learned, was the proprietor of the mill, also the miller at this town, and was in prosperous circumstances. We ascertained during the run and ramble of this general conversation that they were Episcopalians by profession, but they were not at all dogmatic.

After a night's rest on a downy Episcopalian bed, and a breakfast duplicating supper, we bade our newmade friends good-by and went on our way rejoicing, thankful for all these good things. Why not be thankful for the temporal as well as the spiritual? Reflecting over this fine fare and courteous treatment, we came to the intelligent conclusion that many Episcopalians will get to heaven.

From here we went to a settlement near Platte cañon, but not finding things propitious or humanity inviting, we paid our bill and respects, then

left these precincts for more inviting fields. Still going south, we came to Deer Creek, a tributary of the Platte River. By prospecting this settlement, we found that there was no agnostic opposition, as in the other neighborhood, but a strong desire for gospel ministrations. We accordingly left appointments for the next Sunday evening on our return trip. We now are on our way up Plum Creek. This stream heads in the divide some fifty miles southeast of Denver and is another tributary of the Platte. Our journey of twenty-two miles up the creek led us through timber belts and open parks. By making inquiries in the afternoon, we were directed to the Kelley neighborhood, having been requested by their relatives in Seward, Nebraska, to call on them. We finally found their rustic home, and they gave us a kind and courteous welcome. When I informed Mrs. Kelley that I was well acquainted with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. Tiff, in Seward, Nebraska, and often stopped there, she seemed to be much delighted; in fact, was so effusive in her demonstrations that it was amusing to witness Brother Ross's unnecessary solicitude for the Lamb's precarious situation. Perhaps he thought that she would transgress conventional regulations in her ecstasy of delight, but all such fears were groundless. We started out runners to invite the natives out to services for Saturday night and Sunday at 11 : 00 A.M. They came in numbers, and we had a good, attentive audience at each service. I occupied the stand both times, as Brother Ross, for some reason, did not feel the inspiration. (This is the case many times with preachers.) We

enjoyed liberty of speech, and this, with lively tunes, wrought up a good spirit.

After these pleasant and, we hope, profitable services of song and gospel ministrations, and feasting on venison and other good things, we bade adieu to our kind friends, who invited us to come again. Oh, how much it cheers and encourages one in life's march to meet and associate with kind, genial human nature. It makes one feel that all the world 's akin; it 's like an oasis in the desert—springs and waving palms.

We arrived at the homestead of Mr. Huggins, on Deer Creek, some time after night. Stopping only a short time for supper, then walking with hasty step, under the guidance of Mrs. Huggins, we reached a schoolhouse, which was the place of service, and found it already full of ordinary humanity, who were awaiting our coming with eager expectation. I pressed Brother Ross into this service, not feeling a disposition to monopolize all good things. He spoke with earnest inspiration and great pathos of feeling, the people listening with rapt attention. There is an invisible power in the background, a power not of ourselves, that directs in thought, meditation, and expression. In view of the lively interest here manifested, we left appointments for the future. We returned home with Mrs. Huggins, and were sufficiently tired to rest without rocking. After a good breakfast, next morning, we settled our bill with heaven's script, gave our thanks for kindly treatment, and started on our homeward journey. Our main regret was that Mr. Huggins seemed to think more

of fat cattle and broad acres than of God's service and a home in heaven. However, having done our duty to the best of our ability, we were correspondingly happy, soul and body, still trusting in the Master's power.

Reaching home, we rested one day, then went to work in earnest to build our first church-house in Colorado, located eleven miles below Denver, one mile from the Platte River, close by the Denver and Cheyenne railroad, and seven miles from Brighton. In order to be near our own work, we pitched our tent close by, like Abraham of Oriental times. In this we dined and slept, enjoying the rusticity of batching. While I had the honor of laying the foundation of our first temple of worship in Colorado, Brother Charlton (a local preacher) went forward framing the building. In less than two weeks the structure was standing upon a strong foundation, the work progressing finely. Sunday morning being my first opportunity at this our home place, Brother Ross insisted that I should preach another trial sermon to the presumably fastidious, who demanded intellectual culture, yet could not draw an intelligent line of distinction between dogmatic theology and pagan mythology, nor discern the transcending difference between spiritual necessity and godless formality. Such is the status of some self-constituted censors in the field of religious ethics. After my discourse, Ross took advantage of the occasion to present our missionary interests in a very impressive manner, to which the audience responded quite generously. The old, old story is ever new to the spiritually in-

clined; the pure gospel ever draws the people to God's worship.

Monday morning found us hammering away on our temple with persevering interest. During these labors the good and faithful sisters, who understood material wants, sent us an ample supply of good things, such as nice rolls, pies, cakes, and sometimes chicken, knowing or supposing a preacher's weakness along these lines. All this was good cheer to press us on in the good work. Saturday morning I left Brother Ross to the doubtful bliss of single solitude to fill appointments at Rawlston, preaching Saturday night and Sunday morning at 11:00 A.M. After a one o'clock dinner, I started on my twenty-mile ride across the divide between Rawlston and the Platte River. My friends protested against my starting, for in the southwest dark clouds were gathering fast, a prelude of a coming storm, but having a new appointment on the north side of the river for that night, I could not afford to disappoint them. In fact, it is, and always was against my ideal principle to fail in reference to promises or obligations, whether secular or religious. So I went on, quoting this scripture to doubtful minds, "He that observeth the clouds and wind shall not sow." I believe it was Wendell Phillips who said of Garrison and other brave anti-slavery heroes, "They dared and did as an advance guard." When about half way across the divide (there were no houses), the storm let loose upon me, without ceremony or apology. With terrific thunder and flashing lightning, the rain poured down upon me, saturating my clothing and drenching

me to the Lamb's skin. Whether I believed in sprinkling, immersion, or pouring, it mattered not; I was in the storm's pathway, and was compelled to endure the outpouring consequences. To me there is a beauty of attraction in the sublimity and display of these natural forces—terrible, fascinating. I shall attempt no further interpretation. That half-hour of storm was to me one of the happiest experiences in my life. If St. Paul's faith reached that point of divine assurance that enabled him to triumph when storm-tossed and tempest-driven on Adriatic's wild sea, others who are in the pathway of duty may have, can have the same triumph, trusting in God's eternal power and providential care, for we know that underneath are the everlasting arms. In my night the stars have risen, and I wait the dawn of day. Right here I want to emphasize the philosophic fact that to be in duty's line gives courage divine to body and mind. The sun coming out in splendor and a gentle breeze springing up, served to dry my clothing to some extent, and by the time I reached the place of preaching the congregation had been in waiting for some time. There was no need of changing wardrobe, nor any need of apologies, so I selected my text and went forward to the best of my ability, with divine assistance. Some remarked after the service that the baptism by the way must have imparted inspiration. This Sunday was certainly a busy day for me, preaching twice, being baptized once, and traveling twenty miles.

Monday morning found me, with Brother Charlton, working on the church again. By the middle of

June we had it enclosed, giving us an opportunity for an extended trip north, for there was a large section of outlying territory having no church privileges at all. We traveled up and down the following streams in our rounds: Big Boulder, St. Vrain, Left Hand (or Niwot, Indian chief's name), and the Little and Big Thompson creeks. These bottom-lands were taken up by homestead settlers from many States. There was not only a need, but a demand for the organization of churches and Sabbath schools. We preached at all these places, some classes having been organized previously. We returned home after weeks of travel, Brother Ross nearly worn out with so much rustic experience. The Lamb was growing in strength; whether in grace, others must be the judge.

I must not forget to note that here at Brother Ross's home I first met Brother McCormick, a young gentleman recently from Ohio, who had come to Colorado for bettering his health conditions. In consideration of our future intimate relations in religious efforts in the field of action, this young man deserves something more than passing notice. Rev. W. H. McCormick had figured in the ministerial ranks for some time before coming to Colorado, and still was in the line of duty in that direction, occasionally, but more regularly taught school. From the financial consideration, there were better prospects of jingling shekels in great volume by teaching school than by preaching for doubtful salary. I have often felt it my duty, since our acquaintance, to give him free lectures on the necessity of guarding against worldly-mindedness, knowing by experience and ob-

servation that if these worldly proclivities are indulged in, they will soon dominate the better graces that ought to characterize every one, and especially ministers of a full and free gospel. Perhaps these free lectures did some good, for many times since those early days there has been evidenced quite a benevolent disposition, in generous time, for church building as well as many other charitable purposes. Why not? Brother McCormick (like myself) towers over six feet in heaven's pure air, where generous impulses are generated and selfishness eliminated. However, this dear brother is a good fellow-worker, enjoying some religion, as has been made manifest many times on mission fields and in evangelistic work. We have worked together in many protracted efforts, where his perseverance and faithfulness have been fully tested under trying circumstances, and his Christian perseverance proved equal to the occasion.

July 15 bringing our round of appointments near, made it necessary for me to be on the move again. As affliction in Brother Ross's family prevented his going with me, I mounted my faithful express pony and was off by way of Rawlston Creek, filling two appointments at that place, then on north to Brother Osborn's, where I filled engagements. Soon after leaving Osborn's pleasant home, I began to realize that a creeping fever was marching upon my hitherto vigorous frame, accompanied with intense headache, an indication of mountain fever, to which newcomers are subject. Therefore, I procured an ample store of quinine, and commenced taking copious doses of the bitter drug. Getting to the old town of Bur-

lington, on the St. Vrain River, I stayed two days and nights with Brother Allen, who enjoyed the bliss of single blessedness (if such things be). He was sufficiently versed in the culinary art to satisfy any reasonable epicurean. While here, I still continued taking quinine, intending to counteract the fever, if such a thing were possible. The third morning after stopping, I was compelled to move on or derange appointments on the Big Thompson and other points. Brother Allen treated me with marked kindness during my stay, and when I was preparing to leave presented me with a fine coat, Prince Albert style. With thanks and a burning fever, I bade him good-by, and started on my twenty-mile journey. The July sun shone with unmodifying mercy on my devoted head. Passing the Little Thompson, I tried for water, but the stream was dry at my crossing, and no settlers near, so, procuring some willow twigs and leaves to moisten my mouth, I passed on to the Big Thompson. This was not an experience of milk and honey, but a bitter negation.

Finally I reached Brother Hershman's welcome home. Here I took more medicine and rested for my evening's appointments. After this I felt better in mind and body. Sunday, at 11:00 A.M., I preached at the Rist schoolhouse, in the evening at Old St. Louis. From here I went up the stream to the Thompson cañon, and stopped several days with my friends—the Furgesons and Alexanders.

My fever still lingering tenaciously, I resolved upon more drastic measures than were suggested by quinine and willow leaves, so, going down to the riv-

er's brink, remembering Naaman's experience in Jordan's rolling stream, and the fact of his being healed by obedience to the prophet's command, I was governed by plain impressions only. Disrobing myself, not parleying with chilling sensations, I plunged into the almost ice-cold current. A hasty bath was sufficient for my curiosity, and would certainly meet the demands of the most fastidious. I repeated these ablutionary exercises several times, discovering that the process was having a salutary influence in allaying fever, as did the waters of Jordan in curing Naaman's leprosy. Cold water can conquer a burning fever. This elixir of water and piny fragrance, together with kindly entertainment, restored me to health.

Furgeson, a son-in-law of Alexander, considerately took the time to range through pine and spruce forests with me, to climb mountains, and share in the exhilarating pleasure of trout fishing, with the privilege of helping devour these mountain luxuries. Their kind hospitality I shall not forget.

The following Sunday I had an appointment at a new place, in a little schoolhouse near the cañon. Brother Furgeson and wife gave me their hands for church fellowship at this service, then at 3:00 P.M. I again held forth at the Rist appointment, having occasion, with propriety, to inveigh against the intolerance and corruption of the Catholic Church, not knowing that there were some Catholics in my audience. However, I never spoil a good story for the sake of relations or present company. Soon after this service, I left for my next appointment, which

was an evening service, 7 : 00 P.M., at Old St. Louis. Passing along the south side of a dense corn-field which belonged to a Mexican Catholic colony, as I was meditating on a subject for the evening, down in the corn-field was the report of a gun, then came a bullet whizzing in close proximity to my head—not very pleasant music. My meditations were so abruptly and unceremoniously disturbed that I cannot, to this day, remember whether my text was in Revelation or Exodus, and the threads in my contemplated discourse I never succeeded in recovering. Well, I whipped my pony into a lope, and was soon at safe distance, concluding it was not always a safe investment to cast one's pearls before swine. However, that devil's calculations in regard to turning me into an angel were a premature failure; my time of translation had not come. I preached that evening to a full house, making three times that day, besides a fifteen-mile travel and posing for a target once. I felt under obligations to be thankful to a kind Providence for my protection. Verily, my time is in thy hands, O God.

Monday morning, I left the Big Thompson for Denver City, having been gone beyond the allotted time. When bidding Brother Hershman good-by, he left a ten-dollar bill in my hand, a token of kindly Christian consideration. Thanking him, I offered an earnest prayer for his reward. Brother Hershman is of the old United Brethren stock, has a large family, many large horses and mares, a large farm, a large income, and is large-hearted when he

doesn't permit worldly-mindedness to dominate his better nature.

I found all things on the upward grade upon reaching Denver and Brother Ross's. He was able to be around again, and the church was nearing completion. As we were expecting Bishop Edwards, who was on his way east from California, in a few days, we were busy making ready for a pleasant reception and a good time together in our first church in the Centennial State. He arrived in time for some visiting, prospecting, and close inspection of our work, as our Missionary Board demanded correct information in reference to the status of affairs in general.

CHAPTER XV.

The World Does Move.

The first Sunday in the month of August, 1871, was a memorable day for the United Brethren church. Bishop Edwards occupied the pulpit, while Brothers Ross, McCormick, Charlton, and myself constituted the reverential corps, with all of Platte Valley's population in the immediate vicinity gathered together on this beautiful Sunday to mingle voices in songs of praise and prayers of devotion, and coming in contact with brothers in the conflict of ages, from Christ, Paul, and Peter down to the angel of the Revelation, who shall sound the requiem of time and the close of probation. These are stepping-stones for higher Christian life and greater inspiration for more consecrated work in the Master's vineyard. The Bishop preached twice for us with great acceptability. We all enjoyed these ministrations.

The ninth day of August, we started on a long-contemplated trip to the mountains, Estes Park, and Long's Peak, going by the way of Rawlston and Niwot, and holding services at both places as we went. There were nine in our company, besides a boy to drive the team. The evening of our first day out found us at Rawlston, Brother Ross preaching to a full house. Brother Charlton then followed with a warm, timely exhortation, producing a good interest. August 10, at Niwot Station, where we

stopped with Brother Caywood's clever Kentucky family. As we were wending our way up to the house, we met Brother Caywood on his way to the corral to milk his cows. After the first greeting, he said, "Now, gentlemen, wait on yourselves, for I cannot afford to neglect my cows to wait on preachers." A sensitive minister, perhaps, would have thought this rather humiliating—giving ordinary dairy cows the preference. However, we got over the inflicted contrast without serious effort. Butter and rich cream, franked in abundance, served to neutralize all such humorous insinuations. August 11 found us camping on the St. Vrain, in the mountains. Here we were joined by three more, two ladies and a gentleman. This brought our number up to a baker's dozen. "The more the merrier," some one said. Breathing this pure mountain air, fragrant with pine and spruce, the stars shining down on our camp, with song service, was a rustic enjoyment that lingers long and pleasantly in the passing years, not soon to be forgotten. Good coffee, fried grouse, and the ladies' cheerfulness brightened all at the breakfast table, which was very inspiring for the next day's march. We arrived in the Park the next evening, seventy-five miles northwest of Denver City and thirty miles from the valley.

The Park comprises about ten thousand acres, the Big Thompson River coursing through like a silver ribbon, meandering from the extreme west side, through cañons and gorges in its eastern course, till it reaches wheat fields and alfalfa meadows thirty and forty miles away. Just enough evergreens scat-

tered in little clumps, sometimes in larger groves, to enhance the beauty of the landscape. A scene of beauty and joy forever.

The next evening we camped at timber-line, on our way to the summit of Long's Peak. We gathered around our pitch-pine fire, as the nights are cool at an altitude of 12,000 feet above sea-level. Not having sufficient blankets for all, Brother Charlton and myself volunteered to stay up and keep the fires going. Towards morning I became sleepy, and concluded to lie down for a short nap, so selected the soft side of a hard stone for a pillow. With overcoat buttoned up, I stretched out six feet of ordinary humanity before the camp-fire, courting slumber. But the drowsy goddess could not induce sleep, and while the two older gentlemen were slumbering, as indicated by their snoring, and the feminine department in the land of dreams, my mind was on the wing—back to Nebraska, thinking of my dear wife and children, six hundred miles away, wondering if they thought of the wandering Lamb in the solitude of the mountains. This was my first trial effort to sleep on a stone, duplicating the patriarch Jacob, who, on his lonely journey, lodged by the brook Jabbok.

Friday morning we were all up in good cheer. After a hearty breakfast, we are off for the summit of old Long's Peak, over fourteen thousand feet in altitude, many times touching and toying with the fleecy clouds. It was hard and rough climbing, especially for the feminine department of our caravan. When we reached the head of the gorge, Mrs. Ross

was completely exhausted and was panting and exasperated with nature's huge difficulties, vowing she would go no farther. Then a young lady of our party, who had all the time declared she would follow the Lamb whithersoever he would go (rash girl promise), having gone beyond her strength, was here prostrated by a hemorrhage. These chastisements caused a halt and a counsel of war. Brother Ross would not leave his wife, and the maternal instincts of the mother of the young lady who had fainted would not permit her to leave; another had such a headache; another was frightened. The combination of these difficulties, both tangible and visionary, stranded upward intentions and higher aspirations of all, except myself, and as there were well persons to take care of the invalids, I went forward on my lonely way, humorously remarking that we must climb higher than this if we ever get to heaven. Something over a thousand feet higher brought me to the summit of this historic pile of granite and quartz, a huge monster nearly three miles above sea-level, ten miles around its base. The sight is magnificent. To the north and south, and especially to the west, there is a wilderness of snow-capped mountains, lakes, streams, and waterfalls. Mingling with this promiscuous maze are immense, dense, dark forests of pine, spruce, and balsam firs, presenting to nature's lover a grand scenic display of beauty, compelling admiration and adoration of nature's God. Oh, what almighty power to build revolving worlds, with stupendous mountain ranges, all moving with velocity through the immensities of eternal space!

After one hour's feasting of my mental and spiritual and somewhat poetical nature on these sights and scenes, I concluded to go down the eastern face of the mountain, where man had never gone before. Some old roads, rules, grooves, and conventional codes are gray with honor, but to be tied and governed by anything because of the virtue of age is an absurdity not to be tolerated by intelligent minds. Breaking away from old, fossilized systems and moss-grown customs has resulted in great, glorious, and grand developments, both in church and state. With such facts impressed upon my mind, I started down what subsequently proved to be a perilous descent. After getting down more than a thousand feet from the summit, I began to realize the rashness of the undertaking. Having already passed dangerous points, perpendicular places, icy patches, and frowning walls, worse dangers then confronted me. I concluded to go back, if possible, and go down the old way; but, like thousands in life's downward trend, I soon realized the fact that I had already passed dangerous points and sloping icy places that were almost impossible to round or ascend. I then turned my course to face the music, trying to concentrate all the courage of my normal condition, both occult and physical. Regrets and repentance for rash recklessness are bitter consolations for deviations and perilous ventures, but the unpleasant medicine must be taken by the transgressor. I hope the reader will remember this.

In my further descent, I came to a place that seemed to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no

farther." The mountain wall was not only perpendicular, but projected with a frowning incline some degrees over my icy pathway. This miniature glacier was perhaps five rods wide, descending down to a crater lake thousands of feet below, standing at an angle of forty or fifty degrees. This projecting wall was only three or four rods in swing, then receded gradually back. Well, the inevitable in my case was to go forward. With finger holds in meager niches of the wall and my feet pressing the edge of the ice, I started across this dangerous section. Quicker than I can tell it, my hands failed to hold, my feet slipped, and down I went with almost an arrow's rapidity. An eternity of thought, of life, death, wife, and home, concentrated in my mind in those two seconds. What occult forces the mind possesses, unguessed and unsuspected till contingencies bring them forth! Fortunately for me, I threw my right arm around a projecting bowlder, which stood above the icy plain some two or three feet. This sudden stopping of my acrobatic performance brought my long walking appendages around with a musical swash, turning my overcoat skirts nearly over my head, and spilling all the specimens I had gathered on the summit, which went sliding and jumping downward, seemingly glad of their release from captivity. Here I was swinging with my right arm around this bowlder, at least five feet from the body of the mountain. The conical shape of the bowlder precluded my standing upon it for a jump to safety. Getting my knife out of my pocket, I opened it with my teeth, then reached half-way to the rocks of safety

and began digging a niche in the ice for a toe hold, when my knife broke in two. This left me stranded and stopped further progress in digging. My nervous system was very much unstrung by this sliding, swinging experience, but I was compelled to decide—quickly, too. So putting the tip of my left foot in the shallow niche I had cut, (knowing that if my foot slipped I was a lost Lamb,) then working my arm to the top of the rock, I gave a huge lunge, just managing to reach the foot of the mountain. Drawing myself out of this perilous situation, I was plainly impressed that my salvation was a divine and direct providence. I immediately fell upon my knees and thanked God for deliverance. Many times since that eventful episode I have wondered how it was that when swiftly sliding downward to death and eternity—how it was that I caught around that precious bowlder, hugging it for life, then getting my knife out of the pocket next to the rock. It all seems a dream, yet a positive reality.

Then, on I went, finally coming to a perpendicular granite wall. Grooves were worn into its face by the action of water in streams and drippings for untold ages. My situation was fearful to contemplate. The mountain was perpendicular on the south over the lake; to the north, utterly inaccessible. The only alternative was to go down one of these grooves in the granite wall. Selecting one with projecting rocks sufficient for foot and hand holds, I let myself down this perilous incline. It almost makes my hair stand erect to remember this trying time of thirty-four years ago. This descent brought me to Crater Lake,

nestling close to Long's Peak range. No doubt this lake occupies the opening caused by internal force—throwing up and bursting through. Working around the lake's steep margin, I finally reached our camp, and threw myself prone upon the ground, being completely exhausted. Good Brother Noblet got a basin of water and bathed my hands, arms, and face. In a short time I was rested and ready for coffee. My company all came back safely, but not satisfied. My young lady friend seemed well, brisk, and boastful as ever, her failure not seeming to dim her future triumphs nor curtail vanity. Perhaps this optimistic disposition is best.

We camped at timber-line that night; next day back to the Park, which is about eight miles from the Peak. Next day, my company left me, starting on their homeward journey. Before leaving, one of the ladies insisted on my taking her revolver. I demurred, saying that in all probability I would have to walk when I left the Park, and already having a valise and overcoat to carry, I did not wish to be further encumbered. She persisted, remarking, "You are among strangers, and you may need it." I finally consented and took the revolver. I mention this because of a pending sequel.

When Sunday morning came, we concluded to have religious services under the spreading branches of some large evergreen trees—"God's first temples," as Bryant says. A Presbyterian minister held forth at 11:00 A.M., my time being at 3:00 P.M. This was the first time that songs of praise and gospel ministrations had been heard from under these

spreading branches. I had previously engaged my boarding and lodging at the only rustic hotel in the Park, which was run by Griffith, Evans, and Mr. Denison. This Sunday evening, while at supper, the young lady who was waiting on the table aroused my curiosity by asking the following question, "Where are you from, Mr. Lamb?" I answered, "From Nebraska" (not knowing but what I would be arrested). "Did you know a lady there by the name of Mrs. J. Morger?" I answered that I was somewhat acquainted with that lady. Then she said, "We heard that she married a man by the name of Lamb who was a minister, and when I heard that a Lamb was to preach this afternoon, I wondered if it was the Lamb who married my Aunt Jane" (her mother's sister). I told her that to the best of my knowledge I was the man, and that we had mutually promised to live together till death did us part. She thought our being severed by six or seven hundred miles did not harmonize with that assumed obligation. I replied that sometimes distance lent enchantment to the view. "Well, anyway, you are my uncle," she said, "if you are good," a gentle intimation that some preachers were not good. Here our conversation was brought to a close, she having incidentally found an uncle, while I was glad to find so vivacious a niece. Sometimes truth is stranger than fiction, resulting in pleasant and pleasing surprises.

I lingered several days in this beautiful park, wandering up and down Fall River and the Big Thompson, fishing, prospecting, and enjoying primi-

tive life in its fullness and freshness; then, joining a party of young men, went to the summit again, three of us remaining on top all night in order to ascertain by experience what the sensations might be to mortal man when three miles high. One thing is very certain, we did not sleep one minute, the high altitude having such a strenuous effect on the nervous system. Then the coldness of this fourteen-thousand-foot uprising does not favor somnolence.

But the time came when it was necessary for me to be off for the valley, a list of appointments being dated with my obligations to meet them. So bidding these enchanting scenes of evergreens and purling streams a reluctant farewell, I started on my lonely tramp of thirty miles, carrying my overcoat, valise, and specimens, in connection with the before-mentioned revolver. When getting beyond sight and sense of human habitation or beings, and in the silent, somber gloom of the dense forests, I thought it a wise measure of caution to take the revolver out of its complicated scabbard, and thus carry it ready in hand, as bears, bobcats, and mountain lions were in evidence at that time and in such places. Thus trudging alone—alone, with none to weep and none to mourn. Finally coming to the first four crossings of the St. Vrain, there being no bridges then, I stopped to eat a sandwich, mixing wild cherries with my lunch. While thus resting, it occurred to me that it would be more expedient, in going to the valley, to keep on the north side of the river, as it saved the time and consequent trouble of pulling off boots and socks and fording the stream. With this conclusion,

I put the revolver back in its scabbard and started on the pathless course.

When about one hundred rods from the road, I entered a small open park decorated with currant bushes of the black species. The berries being lusciously ripe, I commenced eating with avidity, but my fruitful enjoyment was very suddenly brought to a close, for there appeared on the scene a large mountain lion, or lioness, not to exceed six or eight rods from me. I was taken by surprise mixed with some consternation, for the huge animal was coming directly towards me. I was making nervous efforts to get my revolver out, at the same time protesting against the beast's approaching any nearer with more force of voice than when preaching on the final judgment, but her lionship did not seem to scare at the Lamb's stentorian voice. Still approaching in a menacing manner, with her back up like a cat's in the attitude of battle, she was not over three rods from me when I fired my eight-inch navy at her broadside. The animal uttered an unpleasant growl, disclosing an abundance of ivory, but at once disappeared in the bushes that surrounded the park. I did not linger a moment to investigate damages, but, keeping my finger on the trigger of the revolver, I kept close to the river bank, moving on as fast as mortal legs could carry me. The animal was doubtless aiming to defend her whelps, for, unless this is the case, not once in one hundred times will they attack a person, and, if wounded, they will get away, if possible. I have always thought the ball from my revolver struck this beast, but alone and with only

ADVENTURE WITH A MOUNTAIN LION

one more load in the gun, I was not at all inclined to linger. Had it not been for my gun, I presume that the scriptural prophecy would have been fulfilled in reference to the lion and lamb lying down together, for she intended devouring the innocent Lamb, in all probability not recognizing the importance of my mission in coming to Colorado, due to a lack of æsthetic culture on her lionship's part. I intended no long intrusion on her seclusion, having no evil intentions on her carnivorous progeny; but I must not forget that I was trespassing on her domains, or that lions are partial to lambs.

Reaching the valley without further mishap, but being very tired, I called at a ranch-house for lodging. Their limited means made it embarrassing for both parties. My thirty miles' travel and encounter with the lion enabled me to sleep without rocking on the hard floor on some old quilts. Next morning, on awakening, my first thoughts were that I had fought a good fight, my rapid retreat from the field of action notwithstanding. Having well finished my Estes Park tour, feeling vigorous and ready for my appointments, I preached at a new point on Sunday at 11:00 A.M., in Left Hand Cañon, and at night, at 7:00 P.M., at Niwot, returning to Denver on the last day of August. Then, after a brief rest, I was off again on a southern tour. Sometimes these lines came impressibly across my mind (not in a murmuring mood):

"I am weary, I am weary of the toils and cares of life,
And my spirit often pineth for its home beyond the skies."

Oh, where is that clime, that point or place, where the soul, the immortal mind, can find its long-desired rest under the influence of brighter scenes and higher joys and harmonies that thrill the soul with pæans of praises immortal? "In me ye shall find rest eternal." Here in this life, with the brightest and best around us, living in palaces with genial friends, there comes the thought, Nemesis-like, or like a dark cloud in the background: These joys must come to an end, for friends must part, death severs the strongest ties, no matter how strong the golden chain. Almost breaking hearts stay not the inevitable summons that is the destiny of all. Time, distance, disease, and death intervene, and we that still live must press on to do our part in the world's great conflict, for opposing forces are marshaling their diverse elements upon the field of action, each striving for the supremacy. Let us stand for the right, for truth and righteousness must prevail, for our God is omnipotent, being the Lord of lords and King of kings.

Two weeks were devoted to the southern field, finding all things running quite well, then back to Brother Ross's, and holding services again with our Home Banner Class. These brethren seem like old-time friends.

Monday, September 15, Brother Ross and I went to our quarterly meeting at Niwot. The weather was delightful and the attendance good, with two more accessions to this class, Brother Hess and wife. It's slow, stubborn moving in Colorado. Here, for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Abraham

Hartzell, who had come to our branch of the church militant from the Methodist Episcopal Church. He looks, according to my imagination, like the venerable Abraham of olden time, and is now preaching for us with acceptability. From Niwot, I went to Big Thompson, Ross and Hartzell returning home. I went over a good deal of outlying territory, where ministers had never invaded, generally meeting with kindly treatment. However, all things, it is said, have their exceptions. This was my experience. Being encouraged, and perhaps emboldened, because of fine fare and welcome receptions, I felt like pressing the battle to the gates of the enemy, if enemy there was. With this righteous determination in view, I went to a ranch where some carpenters were at work on a barn. After common conventional greetings of the day, I soon got into conversational controversy with one of their number who appeared to be chief speaker. When I informed him in reference to our missionary efforts in Colorado, he replied, with a haughty toss of his head, that preaching and church-going were all well enough for the East, where they had nothing else to do, but that in this far-away country people were too busy to give time and attention to these very doubtful luxuries.

This fling aroused the Lamb to action in the fight. I told the young man that the great commission was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel," and, while God was omnipotent, he worked through and by instrumentalities. He replied that that command had no reference to these plains, this desert of sand, sage-brush, and cactus; that God designed this

country for Indians, buffaloes, and wolves; then, with great irreverence, he said that God had nothing to do with this country, that the people had taken it out of his hands and were going to transform it from an intended desert into fruitful fields and vineyards. I told him that man, in his supreme wickedness and sinful arrogance, had made many attempts to legislate God out of his own universe; that the antediluvian world undertook that presumptuous plan and were baptized with a flood of waters, resulting in their wholesale destruction; the sinful inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, with a fullness of bread and idleness, thought to discard God, and received a cataclysm of fire and brimstone because of their presumption; they were condemned with an overthrow and suffered the vengeance of eternal fire. Then I further said: "So it was with Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon, Rome, and other nations once mighty kingdoms, but who forgot God, indulged in sin, reveled in vices, luxuriated in worldly fascinations, pandered to sensual passions, satiated carnal demands, thus smirching themselves in soul and body and defaming God. Now, sir, turn the pages of history and take an intelligent view, void of prejudice and self-will, and all along the pathway of departed ages you will discover the wreck and ruin of former greatness and boasted power stranded upon the shores of time, going down in darkness and death, now lying in pathetic dust. These facts of prophecy and history are incontrovertible as valid testimony, as evidenced by the sad ruins and perpetual desolations seen by the world's travelers to-day. These nations and peo-

ple, by forgetting God and disregarding heaven's divine government, invited their own ruin; they generated the cause, and the effect necessarily followed." His answer to these tangible facts was certainly conclusive,—real knock-down arguments,—replying that he did not take stock in history, neither did he believe in superstition. By his answer, I concluded that he had not invested in history to any great extent. To them with bandages over their eyes light is not discernible. "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him." Love's labor lost. I then left the young man to his destiny, discovering that his egotism was colossal, his self-importance insurmountable, and his vanity incurable. While, out of charity, I withhold his name, thirty-four years have passed away since that conversation, and that man is yet in the broad way, still worshiping at the shrine of Mammon, the god of this world, who hath blinded his eyes.

After two weeks thus devoted, I again returned to Denver City. By recent letters from home, I learned that some financial matters were not in a satisfactory condition. This, in connection with affliction in my family, made it necessary for me to return home to Nebraska.

While stopping in Denver a few days, Brother Ross and myself had the welcome privilege of seeing and hearing Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the great evangelist Moody hold forth in Bible readings and gospel ministrations; but the treat we most highly prized was hearing that world-wide renowned singer, Philip Philips, give an

evening of song, comprised of fourteen pieces, some of them his own productions. The music was soul-inspiring, tuning the spirit to thanks and praise. This trio was passing through Denver from the Coast, going East, and could not linger long, but their ministrations will linger long on memory's page while the years roll on to eternity, especially that sweet music of sacred song. Why is it when we have the command of language and the apt gift of expression to a great extent that there is something in the higher attributes of humanity that cannot be expressed? The heart's deepest, truest affection for those we love may thrill us through with its mystic touch, and the intense love of music's rhythmic harmony we cannot describe. Only these passions, these feelings, these cadences of joy fill the soul with delight, but language is too lame to express its immortal longings for the place where these affections, friendship's greetings, and heavenly music will never end nor be impaired by any discord.

The month of October and part of November were spent entirely in traveling over the mission field already occupied by us. In taking a review of the results, we have the satisfaction of seeing and knowing that our efforts were not in vain. We have a number of organized classes in different localities, and our branch of the church militant well advertised, with a prestige established warranting future success. I had tried, to the best of my ability, to help on with these measures, giving labor, and in currency $75 towards our first church, traveling thousands of miles, many times encouraged by kindly

Christian friendship, sometimes confronted with chilling indifference verging on discourtesy. Yet, after all, it is with feelings of regret that duty compels me to leave these scenes and associations, for I love thy church, O God; her interests fill and thrill my heart; my tears shall fall for her; my prayers shall for her ascend. Some Christian friends, among them my vivacious niece, accompanied me to the train, with reluctant farewells, with best wishes, and a prayer thus expressed, "May God bless you." Why do those little words have such encouraging and cheering effects?

Well, here we are swiftly moving off o'er the plains, under the shining stars, the wind tuning with Æolian sweetness the distant hearth-home to which we are going. One day and night brings us to Junction City, Kansas, where Brother Cameron, from our home class, met me with a team for our journey home, which was seventy-five miles north, in Saline County, Nebraska. We lodged two nights on our way with friends to whom I had many times preached.

CHAPTER XVI.

At home, mutual gladness and affection's greetings rejoiced our hearts; then, what delighted me with greater joy, was the happy addition to our family since my absence, for little Jennie had come on a visit to stop and stay with us for aye.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"'Mid pleasures and palaces
Though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home;

"A charm from the skies
Seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world
Is ne'er met with elsewhere.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home!"

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Time or distance can never sever hearts united with affection's golden chain. Amid the clash and din of the world's great battle-field of strife, memory goes back in sweet dreams to the loved and loving ones that gather around the sacred shrine of the home altar. If our hearts are so thrilled with happy delight by meeting those we love after short separations on earth, what will it be after long years to meet and greet those who went out from us when in life's sweet dream we parted from each other! I

often think of wife and children dear, of my sainted mother and affectionate father, who have long rested under silent shadows, beneath green grass and blooming flowers. Oh, shall we meet them beyond the river, where the surges cease to roll? This inexpressible longing shadows forth immortality.

In the spring of 1872, I was solicited by our Missionary Board, finally accepting, and was appointed to travel all over that part of Nebraska territory lying between the Platte River on the north and the Kansas line on the south, thence west to the headwaters of the Blue River and east to the Missouri River. The organization of an annual conference being the primary object, I was instructed to ascertain the number of inhabitants in the towns and settlements, the number of members of all denominations, especially of our own Church of the United Brethren, the number of classes and Sabbath schools organized and by whom superintended, the names and places where there was a possibility of effecting organizations, and all other information and data necessary to intelligent guidance in view of organizing an annual conference.

The general topography of this territory consists of high, rolling prairie lands, a rich soil, and living streams, the Platte and Blue rivers, with their numerous tributaries, affording water in abundance for the western part of the State, while the Wahoo, Salt Creek, and Nimehas supply the eastern part, all being feeders of the Missouri River.

The larger part of this country was already taken up by homestead settlers from various States and

different nations, Swedes and Bohemians predominating.

We have now given a general description of the country and people among whom we are to travel. Our own people from the Eastern States are not, as some suppose, of an inferior order. On the contrary, this advance guard of civilization is generally characterized by a high-toned spirit of enterprise, sometimes amounting to daringness. Among this advance number are representatives of culture and refined taste, it naturally and necessarily requiring this element for the advancement and general development of all new countries. Here we had some of the best society in both church and state, so let that idea that is in some minds that the West is populated with fugitives from justice be at once relegated to the background. The Swedish element of this section (and of their home country as well) are noted for their industry, economy, and honesty, generally being well educated and Protestants by profession. This cannot be said with reference to the Bohemian element, for they are generally illiterate, quite superstitious, and not preëminent for honesty; but they have the redeeming traits of industry and economy to such an intense degree that it generates parsimony. Boiled down, they are generally Roman Catholics of tenacious persuasion. All these settlers evidence great capacity and diligence in overcoming difficulties and surmounting many obstacles, both positive and negative. Almost without timber, they utilize the upturned sod for building purposes, not only for houses of habitation, but for barns, outhouses, and

fencing. Cornstalks and sunflowers are used for fuel, until planted groves of cottonwoods are sufficiently large to furnish this necessity.

It was in view of these prospects before me that I concluded that it would be better and decidedly more pleasant to have some one travel with me over these wild, wide savannas and among this complexity of mingled humanity. I therefore went to see a local preacher, Rev. Byron Allen by name, with whom I was well acquainted. He was good company, socially and religiously, also a good singer; thus he constituted a desirable companion. "Brother Allen," I said to him, "I am after you. Can you go with me on a lengthy campaign?" "Where to?" he asked, in open-eyed surprise. I replied, "All over the country, from the Platte River to Kansas, among the Swedes, Bohemians, and white men," and offered him one hundred dollars for his services (just the amount the board gave me). "Most certainly I can," said he. "Having fought all through the Civil War, why should I fear Swedes, Bohemians, sinners, or the devil himself?" He was at once engaged. Milk and water men are no more fit for frontier work, at home or in foreign lands, than they are for the military camp or field of Mars. Spiritual warfare demands brave hearts and an implicit trust in God. Cromwell-like, keep your powder dry, and trust in God. Within a week's time we were on our ponies, traveling over high, rolling prairies, by beautiful streams, inhaling the sweet fragrance of the flowers with which our Western prairies abound, and introducing ourselves and our mission to all without re-

gard to previous conditions, present status, or nationality. Living in these dugouts, we found as much diversity as in more opulent homes. We generally introduced our conversation by talking of the new country, temporal prospects, and future possibilities that were before the industrious and persevering, then gradually introduced the importance of religious duties. This procedure is what, in military tactics, would be called a sapping and mining process. This course of serpentine procedure, with the harmlessness of the Lamb, if not the dove, succeeded in bringing the people out to the sod sanctuary, where we would entertain them for an hour with singing and preaching. This we did to the best of our ability, and almost invariably our house was full, with good attention always.

Going up the West Blue River seventy-five miles from its junction with the Big Blue, we then swept sixty miles across the rolling divide between that stream and the historic Platte, holding many services, taking the enumeration and inclined interest of the people, and the present status as far as good judgment seemed to dictate; too much pressure is not good for the success of many things.

After finishing our work here, we then turned our course eastward towards the Missouri River, mainly going down the Wahoo, till near Plattsmouth, a city on the banks of the Missouri River. Here we stopped for several days, as this to us was a religious oasis. We had a strong organization in this place, who freely extended their unstinted hospitality, being delighted to see and entertain the advance guard

for the organization of an annual conference of the United Brethren Church in Nebraska. And right here I must note the fact that all of our scattered members throughout this territory were as eager for a conference as the inhabitants of a territory are for the recognition of statehood. We had two services with these kind people in their well-appointed church-house, then, taking our leave of them, we went south to another place where we had a class and a church building. Here we circulated an appointment for the Lamb, as Brother Allen had held forth the last time. While here we went to Brother Shepherd's home, he being a local preacher and large-hearted. It seemed appropriate to me for the Shepherd to care for the Lamb. We enjoyed their generous fare and genial conversation, also the ample provender for our horses. Preaching here, we found, was as easy as floating down stream, they being a praying and praising people, mind and heart in sympathy, union of forces increasing the volume and adding strength in all departments. The laws of affinity are obtained in the realm of religion as plainly as in the secular field. We now bade our Shepherd friends adieu, leaving the Nimehas and other streams. Here we had many members.

Sweeping across the rolling divide towards Lincoln City, Nebraska's capital, we stopped on our way with Brother Conn and his family, preaching in the Conn Chapel, named for him who, by perseverance and sacrifice, had built it. But, oh, what a storm broke loose upon us while I was preaching, thunder and lightning rolling and flashing, seemingly in har-

mony with my stentorian voice. Maybe it is because I love the majesty and display of power in nature's realm that I am so often treated with these luxuries. In this instance there was harmony, for I was trying to portray the great judgment day and the awful destiny of the persistently wicked and God's righteous wrath against those who reject salvation.

The next day brought us to Lincoln, where we found lodging with an old-time brother in church union. Brother Allen suggested that we attend prayer-meeting at the Methodist Episcopal church; we accordingly went. Brother Allen and I decided that for dryness and formality it would have duplicated Ezekiel's valley of dry bones. If we believe that God is a spirit, why not obey the command and worship in spirit as well as in truth? Mechanical service never imparts spiritual food. Our bountiful fare in lodging made amends for the dry prayer-meeting. Next day, on our journey, we halted at the home of a good Methodist Episcopal minister, who had formerly assisted us in protracted meetings. We were introduced to his amiable wife whom he had recently chosen for a life companion. She at once proceeded to get us a good Methodist dinner. When I get good fare from other churches, it serves to neutralize any prejudice or particular preference that I had formerly entertained for our branch of the church, and then I conclude that many from all churches will help to swell that anthem of immortal praise beyond the river. My relatives are United Brethren, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, even Baptist and Catholic, and I shall expect to meet

representatives from all these churches when we cross the river.

We came to the beautiful town of Crete that evening, stopping with Brother Sheedare. My wife met us at this place, twenty miles from our home, being anxious to see her wandering Lamb. We appreciated this very much; we all desire a niche in the memory of those we love. Brother Sheedare had arranged for me to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Hall that night. I was confronted with a large assembly, and took for my text, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." We had liberty in speaking and good attention, but did not inquire what they thought of the effort, for a minister should never fish for compliments. Our whole-hearted brother not only entertained us royally, but on our leaving pressed a silver dollar in each of our hands.

That night we reached home. A month's travel with such diversity, is an experience that is, and ought to be profitable to any one who keeps his eyes and ears open to the voice of nature and the people's language. June 20 found me at home enjoying a much-needed rest.

The following Sunday, I was requested to preach at our home class that included father, mother, brothers, and sisters. I cannot tell why, but it seems inexplicably strange, although interesting, to stand up before kindred ties proclaiming the gospel. My parents had the satisfaction of knowing, ere they quit the shores of time, that their prayers in reference to a wayward son had been answered. They

have long since been resting under silent shadows awaiting the resurrection morn.

June 25, we were off again, going westward up the Little Blue River, that heads only a short distance from the Republican River, which is a main tributary of the Kansas River. Along the Little Blue there were only sparse settlements until we came to the old freight road crossing the plains. Here, on the Big and Little Sandys and Rose Creek there were heavy settlements. Here were many stations, so called, because three or four families generally settled close together for mutual protection and neighborly association.

With my brother-in-law, W. F. Caldwell, we had succeeded in organizing several classes and Sabbath schools years before the present time, but we now went over the old ground again, preaching and confirming, saying, "Keep your fires burning and your light shining for the prospective coming." Then we diligently prospected over new territory south to the Kansas line. It was an interesting, self-denying experience. Of one place and circumstance I will speak, as it will illustrate many other experiences too numerous to relate. Coming into the precincts of a heavy neighborhood, we circulated the word for religious services at their schoolhouse that evening at 7:00 P.M. We got our suppers at a wayside inn. The proprietor did not go with us to church, but the people came in numbers and paid good attention to all the ministrations, even down to the doxology and final benediction, and then all started homeward without the intimation of an invitation to the lonely

preacher pilgrims. As we were not inclined to thrust ourselves upon any one, we camped in the schoolhouse all night, sleeping soundly and with good consciences, even if the seats were rough and rustic. After our morning ablutions, the good brother suggested that we have prayers before leaving. Although I felt in a painful mood for coffee, I would not demur, for I believe in prayer. Then, I presume the brother was thankful that we had escaped with our lives. We went to the house of a widow, who gave us a generous breakfast of hot cakes and strong coffee, including a free lecture for staying over night in the schoolhouse, declaring her house was always open to preachers, and that our actions were a reflection against the neighborhood.

After spending another week prospecting over new territory, we came to the definite conclusion that we had sufficient data of the country and people to give the Missionary Board intelligent information in reference to a conference organization. So we bade adieu to wide prairies, purling streams, fragrant flowers, and generous people, being glad that another campaign was accomplished. At this, as well as all other points and places, we experienced circumstances both pleasing and somber—sunshine and shadows. I was now at home again with my dear family for a short time.

MY REPORT TO THE BOARD.

"July, 1872.

"Dear Brothers in Christ: Having finished our prospecting campaign of Nebraska territory, we

herewith submit our report for your further and future action, giving facts and figures, as well as our own observations and experiences."

(These minutiæ not necessary to the reader, we omit.)

"First, the field is large and rich in abundant resources of people, in diversity of make-up, nationality, and temperament. A large majority are intelligent and in favor of religion and church organizations, a minority in preference for the world, themselves, and the devil (the old-time proprietor of the brimstone department). However, the field, in the main, is inviting for the determined, consecrated worker. One not possessing these factors would better not apply. In order to succeed in this new department, all ministers will need a good stock of Job's patience, Paul's perseverance, and Luther's determination. With these equipments of grace, grit, and gumption, and an implicit faith in the power, promises, and purposes of God, there will be no failure."

Thirty-three years after this report confirms these predictions. If convenient, I will give you these statements: There are now three annual conference organizations in Nebraska, over ten thousand members, several hundred ministers, and perhaps more than one hundred church-houses and parsonages, also one well-equipped college in York County, on the West Blue River. The college and grounds are worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XVII.

At Home in a Local Relation.

I now remained at home, but did not quit preaching. I took up appointments on Swan Creek, Turkey Creek, and the Big Blue River, and while thus preaching I proceeded to build a dwelling-house, then thinking that we would make Nebraska our permanent earthly home.

During the winter of 1872-73, we held some revival meetings (with others assisting), which terminated with good results. At one place on the Big Blue River there was no Christian organization at all, and it was considered a hard point for horse racing, beer-drinking, fiddling, dancing, and other devilment. However, we were invited for an attack. An Irish Methodist minister, whose name was Laha, went in with me; we also had a few good singers, who helped out very much. In less than a week our altar was crowded with penitent sinners, and the good work moved on with a rising tide for two and one-half weeks, triumphantly. The final results added thirty persons to the church militant. The only thing to be regretted in connection with this revival meeting was the organization of two classes, but that appeared to be their choice, fourteen going to the Methodist Episcopal Church and eighteen to the United Brethren Church. Of course, I could not tolerate the idea of an Irishman's stringing more fish

than myself, when I had done three-fourths of the angling.

Our converts requesting baptism (mostly by immersion), we made arrangements for that duty on the following Sunday, after the close of the protracted meetings proper. Baptizing being a new feature in this neighborhood, it naturally brought out a large concourse of people. Some came with serious, if not pious import, others with prurient curiosity, without reverence, not realizing the sanctity that always characterizes such religious ceremonies. This large concourse of humanity lined the banks of the Big Blue River, making one think of Oriental scenes, of the baptizing in Jordan's sacred, historic stream, when the multitudes came to John's baptizing, also the baptism of Christ. Some way, that day to me was impressive and in memory indelible, an ordinance indicating a line of separation from the world, of consecration to God, an outward sign of regeneration and of a new life in Christ. One other organization was effected on Swan Creek, where I had kept appointments.

During this winter my brother Tyra departed this life in the prime of young manhood. In spite of his desire to live and all that physicians and relatives could do, pneumonia fever conquered and he was compelled to cross the dark river whose pale rower never seems to relent. Oh, but to die and go, alas, where all have gone and all must go, through the dark valley. It seemed to me a mysterious and pathetic scene when brother was thus taken, during his youth and wanting to live; the bright sunlight

of his existence just beginning to be enjoyed by the world, whose warm greeting mingled with sweet associations and affection's mystic, undying influences. Death, cruel death, inexorable death, heeds not these desires of life. Tears, prayers, affection's lingering look and hand pressure stay not this relentless reaper. All must go down through death's dark vale. The king who wields his scepter of power over millions must lay down that emblem of power and pale in death, as well as the vassals under his dominion; rich and poor, great and small, side by side lie withering. But the sunlight of victory drives away the gathering darkness from death's summons. Thus my brother felt the assurance of his Savior's presence in the valley of shadows. What countless millions of mankind have left this fleeting world behind! They are gone; but where? Oh, pause and see. Gone to a long eternity and to inherit a fixed destiny.

Then came the news of the departure of my eldest brother, James, who was in Indiana, and whom I had not seen for forty years. He had been a minister of the gospel for thirty-five years, always devoted and conscientious, characterized by his great faith in God's power and promises. His last words, when entering Jordan's flood, to his wife, children, and others, were, "Farewell to you all; I am going home."

How often the soul triumphs when the world is receding, the veil being turned aside and heaven opening to immortal vision.

The winter of 1872-73 passed away and the summer came, with its sunshine and flowers, also with

its joys and sorrows, many being born into life and being, and some departing for the other shore. No matter whether it is on mountain heights or in valleys broad, whether by purling streams or arid plains, in mansions fine or hovels low, death enters and there is no defense. His time there 's none can tell.

Ten miles from our home, a wife and mother left her home and a grief-stricken husband and two little girls. The husband made no pretensions to Christian profession, but said he did not want his wife buried without religious services. Why is it? He even anxiously requested religious services at his funeral. He sent a messenger for me to come and give them ministry in this the time of greatest trouble. I went. The husband, with his little girls, met me a distance from the house. He then told me with heart-broken pathos of their bereavement, saying they had no money to pay me, but he could not endure the idea of his wife's being buried without a minister's services. I gave him all the consolation I could. They were very poor. The little girls were cleanly clad, but their skirts were in tatters, evidencing hard times with them. After the funeral services and admonitions privately given to husband and children, I emptied the contents of my pocket-book into his resisting hand,—three dollars, all I had in the world,—telling him to get clothing for his little girls. This act broke the poor man down, almost as much as did the death of his wife. On my way home, I turned aside to see a gentleman with whom I had some business. After this was adjusted, I bade

him good-by, saying I must get home. I had gone only a few rods when the man called a halt, saying, "Here is five dollars of your money that I have been carrying some time." "Why, how is that?" I asked, with surprise. "You owe me nothing." "All the same," said he, "it 's yours," thrusting into my hand the five-dollar bill, remarking that he had been to my services many times at Swan Creek, and that he felt inclined to do something for the cause. I never met either of these men again—hope to meet them both in heaven.

The summer is ended, September gone, and now October, with withered flowers, sere and yellow leaves, indicating a coming winter, finds us arranging for a move to Colorado. We must leave these scenes and associations of Nebraska all behind for the mountains of Colorado. "O mountains, how our hearts thrill at the thought of spring's return to thine outstretched arms. The wanderer, with deep emotion, turns in sweet delight at all thy magic charms." Her beautiful parks and purling streams, decorated with evergreens of variety, spruce, pine, and balsam firs, are to my nature-loving disposition an everlasting pleasure, a thing of beauty and inspiration forever. In my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night I am there wandering through forests, climbing mountains, and walking by the banks of crystal streams.

"In my dreams of joy's delight,
I view the land of mountain heights,
Where skies are clear
And stars are bright.

"Where parks and vales
Are nestling low,
By mountains rimmed
With eternal snow.

"Where pine and spruce,
And balsam fir,
Emit their fragrance
On the air.

"With landscapes fair,
Where lakes, and streams,
And flowery vales
Enhance the beauty of the scene."

Inviting man's admiration and supreme devotion to the Creator of all these material things, mountains, vales, and streams inducing pleasant dreams.

Now, having rented my farm for a number of years without limitation, I, with my wife and two of our youngest children, was off for Colorado. Brother Beeson took us as far as Junction City, Kansas, that still being the nearest railway station. Bidding him adieu at Junction severs the last Nebraska tie—good-by to you and the faithful old team.

CHAPTER XVIII.

On the Wing for Colorado.

One day and night rolling over the plains lands us on the platform in Denver City. This was in the fall of 1873, having now lived in this country up to the present date some thirty-three years.

> "These years have fled
> On time's swift wing,
> Leaving an impress
> On memory's dream
> Of loved ones gone
> To the silent dead."

Rev. St. Clair Ross and other Christian friends met us at the depot with glad greetings. It always seems a cheering waymark in life's journey to meet one's friends of former years. We tarried here only a few days, for by the action of conference I had been assigned to the St. Vrain mission field. Accordingly, Brother Ross moved us over there, and we rented a house in Burlington, on the St. Vrain. In view of the new work before me, I was compelled to retrospect the past ups and downs of the many years of experience endured and enjoyed in the mission fields of Kansas and Nebraska, through summer's heat and winter's stormy blasts, alone over bleak, wide divides, facing winds, and going through drifts of snow. One whole year was thus devoted on the frontier, for which I received a salary of $45, one dollar of which I returned to the poor sister who

gave it, for, somehow, I could not conscientiously feel right in taking that dollar when the family could scarcely hide their nakedness. But with all these hardships endured, there was a joy not of this world or life. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it more abundantly beyond the vale." God is not unmindful of our patience and labor of love. A Christian worker must keep his eye upon the recompense of the reward beyond the din of strife in this mortal life.

We had only two regular appointments on our St. Vrain Mission. Being accustomed to having from eight to fifteen in Kansas and Nebraska, it did not measure up to my demands for busy, energetic work. I therefore added two more, one on Bowlder Creek and another on the St. Vrain. The grasshoppers at this time for three years in succession levied a tribute upon the farmers, making it uncertain as to a preacher's support; but God said to Israel's host, "Go forward," even when the sea was in front. Life's battle requires faith. We went forward filling these appointments and working by the day as much as possible, being resolved to stay with it.

During the winter we held a protracted meeting at the new point on the St. Vrain, Brothers Ross and McCormick assisting in this effort. We succeeded in organizing a class of twenty-six members, mainly the heads of families. There was manifest interest throughout the entire neighborhood during these two weeks' meetings. One feature was going forward during the progress of these meetings unknown to me. Sister M———, discovering that my ward-

robe did not harmonize with the ministerial dignity of my profession, went around among the people in a winning way, soliciting, and succeeded in collecting enough greenbacks to purchase me a new suit of clothes. I hope that sister will wear a robe of righteousness in that bright and better clime, where the garments are immortal.

My year on this mission was a pleasant one, among the saints and sinners. The discouraging feature was the fact that the grasshoppers were sweeping almost everything before them, in many cases taking the wheat and oats crops entirely. This chastisement continuing so long made it hard for all departments of business or professions. These pestiferous insects apparently had no regard for the farmer's interest, much less the preacher's salary. The scourge almost duplicated the plagues sent on Mr. Pharaoh because of his meanness.

Our next annual conference convened in the spring of 1874 at our church, twelve miles below Denver, the tall Bishop Weaver presiding during the business hours, then preaching with power and spiritual pathos for the edification of all. Oh, how that man, by his inspiring power, encouraged the workers in God's vineyard, warning and inspiring all. It seemed to move all hearts with an irresistible influence sufficient to convince every one of the divinity of Christianity. While thus portraying the power and glory of Christ's redemption, he was a benediction to all; he is certainly a shining mark in heaven. He was my personal friend, not only in the sunshine, but when the shadows darkened around my way.

At this conference I was elected presiding elder, contrary to my own expectations or desire. With this change in the program came new trials to me in my ministerial experience. How could I meet the demands and expectations of the people as a presiding elder, having passed through college on such swift wings that there was no reasonable opportunity for the issue of a diploma? However, I concluded to face the music, remembering that it was not by might nor by power, but by "my Spirit," saith the great I AM. Then, again, the supposititious wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

I then launched out on the work of the district for two years in succession, being elected for the second term. The church was in good working condition during this time, everything going forward triumphantly. Brother McCormick and I held protracted meetings in various places during these two years. The most noted was at the town of Morrison, on Bear Creek. After a two weeks' run, we organized a new class of twenty-eight members, all adults. Then, five miles below, on the same stream, at Pennsylvania schoolhouse, we organized another class of twenty-six members. These timely victories inspired us with courage to press the battle to the gates. Our membership was doubled during this time. Then the conference of 1877 intimated, by voting for Rev. L. S. Cornell for presiding elder, that I would better take a lower seat in the ministerial profession. I was then placed on the Big Thompson Mission, with three appointments. The present town of Loveland

was being surveyed at that time and was building up quite rapidly. Therefore, we concluded that this was our auspicious opportunity to build a house of worship for our denomination, also a good opportunity in a material sense for me to evidence my faith and determination in a spiritual sense, showing to the Church and the world that I had not lapsed into a pessimistic mood, nor had the remotest intention of becoming atrophied because of taking a lower seat. Accordingly, I started out with a subscription paper, with the righteous determination of building a church-house in Loveland. The first day, on foot, from house to house, to saint and sinner, I went, succeeding in getting over eight hundred dollars' good subscription, and, what was the most surprising, I got two hundred dollars from a professed infidel, who did not require any pressing to give it. Surely a man's wrath is sometimes so directed that it results in praise to God. Well, I was greatly encouraged, and, I will not deny it, elated, too, being assured by this success at the start that we could and would succeed. The second day out, I got something over two hundred dollars more. This made over a thousand paid and on subscription, and warranted us in making a commencement. I then proceeded in getting the material on the ground, and, hiring a carpenter, we commenced our work with vim and vigor, and by the time of our annual session our church was ready for dedication. Bishop Wright attended this session, officiating in the dedication, then, with songs of victory and doxologies of praise to God, all were glad

and happy. Later on, Brother Dodds, of Dayton, Ohio, furnished a bell for the church.

Next conference year, I was assigned to Little Thompson Mission, but the grasshoppers had impoverished the country to such an extent that it served to lessen a preacher's salary, therefore I concluded to locate for a season and go to the mountains for a refuge and financial interests. Say what we may about and against filthy lucre and unrighteous mammon, you cannot get clothing, bread, coffee, sugar, and other concomitants without shekels or good credit, and good credit cannot be maintained without cash in the background.

In the year 1878, we went up to Estes Park, near historic Long's Peak, locating on a claim in three miles of timber-line, at an altitude of 9,000 feet above sea-level. This location would seem to indicate more tangible and swifter strides towards heaven than small salaries, partly paid in promises and hubbard squashes. But this was all the poor people could do under such pestiferous, hoppery circumstances. Well, I had sufficient credit to borrow two hundred dollars, with which I bought some cows and calves, going into the dairy business. Then, in connection with dairying, we entertained parties ascending the Peak and guided pilgrims to the summit for $5 per trip. If they would not pay for spiritual guidance, I compelled them to divide for material elevation. In a few years we bettered our financial condition very much, but when we moved up to this mountain home it surely looked forbidding, it being thirty-five miles from post-office and store, and hav-

ing to borrow a team with which to move $5 worth of provisions all told, with three dollars' worth of shekels. These meager assets comprised our material stock. In view of these cold limitations, my sister was excusable for threatening to send the sheriff up to arrest me for insanity. But, with a love for my evergreen surroundings, pure air, and streams of crystal waters on nature's part, a small volume of ambition and a quantity of determination, faith in self, and, above all, faith in God's power and promises on our part, bridged over the seemingly impossible difficulties. The mountains, for us, have proved to be an asylum of health, pleasure, and plenty for the past twenty-eight years.

In the year 1881, I went to the annual session held in the young town of Berthoud, not with the view of taking any work at that time, but during the run and the closing hours of the session the fact seemed to develop that the conference was short of preachers to man the work. It was at this juncture that Bishop Weaver came walking up to where I was standing in meditation over the situation. "Well, Brother Lamb," he commenced, by way of interrogation, "do you enjoy some religion?" Thought I to myself, "He is going to give me a free lecture in view of my local relation for the last years." I replied to his question that while I was not in the harness just at this time, that I, nevertheless, had a warm interest for the cause, and that I felt very sad because of the present condition. "Well," said he, "we must have your assistance to help us out." To this I demurred with something more than Christian emphasis, telling the

bishop that my family was way up there in the mountains, and that my cows and calves had to be looked after; that my temporal interests needed my attention till I got my financial affairs in better shape. But my arguments and excuses were all null with him. He stayed with me like Pharaoh's plagues, persistent as a lean leech for crimson nutriment. Finally thrusting a roll of bills into my half-reluctant hands, he said, "You can hire some one to look after your stock, and when I get back to Dayton, Ohio, I will call a session of the Mission Board and we will arrange to allow you a reasonable appropriation out of our mission funds." He, Bishop Weaver, being six feet six inches tall, and myself only six feet in altitude, I was compelled to submit. He influenced the Mission Board to do by me as he had promised. Then for five years in succession I traveled the Colorado District of our United Brethren Church, presiding elder again. Some one remarked that "some are to greatness born, others seek after it, while it is thrust upon some." (My case is neutral.)

During these five years I tried to concentrate my services to the cause to the best of my ability, and had the satisfaction of seeing the membership doubled, and three church-houses built and paid for, also two parsonages. I enjoyed the religious privilege of helping to build these temples dedicated to the worship of God, by laboring on the buildings and contributing money in proportion to my limited means, and I consider the time and money thus given the best investments of my life. While mansions

are being prepared and are promised to us in the great eternal, it is a blessed privilege to build houses for God's service in this material realm.

But when taking a review of these five years of labor on this district, I realize the fact that many difficulties and trials of patience it was my experience to endure as well as enjoy. In the first place, we were short of preachers who were willing to take charge of the different fields. Niwot and Hygiene missions were without preachers, Brother Wood, of the Berthoud charge, left us, going to the Congregational Church, and Brother Tracy, of the Mt. Zion charge, died very suddenly one Sunday morning, thirty minutes before his preaching (heart failure). All these negations seemed to concentrate during the first quarter of the first year. I was compelled to fill appointments at these various places, while having quarterly meetings every two weeks at other places, corresponding with preachers from Ohio to the Pacific Coast in search of supplies for our vacant fields. It required months to accomplish this task, to say nothing of voluminous correspondence. We finally succeeded, and by the close of the year all the fields were manned and in good running condition. During this time we also built two church-houses, one at Niwot Station, the other on the Hygiene Mission, also one parsonage. Brother Crawford and I held a series of meetings in the town of Loveland during this time, which resulted in twenty accessions. These persons were baptized in the Thompson River, taking upon themselves the full obligation of Christian life.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the spring of 1894, I was stationed at Pueblo, where we had a weak and struggling organization, as contrasted with many other religious bodies in this place. This class was represented at our office by one *Telescope* and no Sabbath-school literature; but when I presented the necessity of the matter to them of patronizing our office and taking our Church papers, there was at once a liberal response—thirteen *Telescope* subscribers, and Sabbath-school literature also in abundance. Our former preacher at this place had neglected these duties entirely, also being derelict in morals. We were compelled to oust him while we were on the district.

The next move, as a matter of necessity, was to enlarge the church, for our congregation was gradually increasing in quantity and, to some extent, in quality. Not having cash or currency with which to hire a carpenter, we borrowed some necessary tools and went to work on the addition. If Christ worked at the carpenter's trade, why not his ministers, and thus honor their profession? In connection with the addition, we also decided to have a belfry and spire, all of which was accomplished without indebtedness. One little accident occurred to myself while working on the spire, shingling. While standing on a frail scaffolding, some fifteen feet above the roof, without warning the plank under

me broke, which not only resulted in the scatterment of hammers and nails, but in the downfall of six feet of ordinary humanity. The Bible says, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall," but as I was exempt from these sins of reprehensible quality, the episode, to me at least, has been an inexplicable dispensation. Perhaps such chastisements are necessary experiences in life's make-up in order to neutralize the possibility of germinating vanity. Be that as it may, no great damage was done by this stupendous downfall beyond a few slight bruises, a nervous shock, and a forcible warning to have a good foundation for everything undertaken.

We had a very pleasant year in the old, historic land of the ancient Pueblos. Our membership increased one-third, and we had a good Sabbath school and a Y. P. C. U., all moving nicely, in the fall of 1894. This was my last year under the supervision of a conference. I then requested a superannuated relation, which was granted at the session of conference held in Denver City. Brother Castle here presided over the deliberations and preached splendidly for us, inspiring us to more consecrated effort.

Since the spring of 1895, I have been preaching to the residents of Estes Park, and to thousands of visitors who come to this retreat during the summer season. We have very interesting audiences, made up of representatives from nearly all denominations and from many States—the cultured and the critical, the devotional and the careless; some very attentive, while many are supremely indifferent to re-

ligious matters. However, all are liberal contributors for good purposes in many charitable ways. I am not prepared to give the reason why, but I prefer the privilege of preaching to this cosmopolitan audience to any other in my life's experience. Thus the reader can discover that while I sustain a superannuated relation, I have not quit preaching, nor will I while life and strength remain.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Justice to myself, and to my dear Christian friends, as well as to a kind Providence, demands the record of some things not mentioned in the foregoing pages of this memoir.

While I was on the St. Vrain mission field, with Brother McCormick assisting, we held a series of protracted meetings of nearly three weeks' duration at the Niwot Station. We had a large attendance, good interest was manifest throughout the entire neighborhood, and many were added to the Church. But our financial matters were very low, it being one of the seasons when the 'hoppers laid an exacting revenue of fifty per cent. on everything that the farmers planted, and they seemed to be endowed with the necessary audacity to collect their bills with impunity, not caring if a preacher starved; instead of having some religious views, I think they were agnostics.

While I was cogitating over our destitute circumstances, no money, provisions nearly all gone, house rent due, in view of the members' condition, I did not possess the necessary courage to make de-

mands on the fraternity. Just at this supreme crisis of want, old Brother Way came driving up with his team, his daughter with him. They had a load of provisions, consisting of flour, meat and groceries, and some money, relieving our minds very much and filling our hearts with thanks and praise.

At another time I was very much cast down in mind. The dark shadows were upon us. Only one poor, lonesome dollar in my pocket; no chance of jingling to keep my courage up, much less to buy coal. Three appointments were to be met the coming Sunday and evening. Oh, how hard it was to keep up courage and feel inspiration to meet these services, to face these dark circumstances. However, remembering the promises that we would not be forsaken, I started out Sunday morning, preaching at Niwot at 11:00 A.M., then, leaving further services in the hands of a local brother, I slipped out and off without good-by or benediction, having an engagement at 1:00 P.M., five miles distant, on Bowlder Creek, here performing a marriage ceremony between Miss Hattie Shepherd and Henry Gates, receiving a bright ten-dollar bill and a splendid dinner. I then hurried to the schoolhouse to fill my 3 o'clock appointment. Coming out of the house from this appointment, I was just in the act of mounting my pony to get back to Niwot, to meet my 7 o'clock appointment, when a young man plucked my arm, saying, "Say, minister, will you please stop off at the next house, just below here, right on your way? I want you to perform a ceremony for my benefit." "Of course I will, as I am in practice now," I re-

plied, without hesitation. So I stopped at the cottage, uniting this young man, Mr. Gule, and a smiling Miss Green in a marriage contract, receiving another ten-dollar bill, having made two couples happy and safely started them on the sea of matrimony, with Cupid to direct. But this did not end the chapter for Lamb. When filling my night appointment at Niwot, the class-steward handed over nine dollars and forty cents, which a local brother had raised for my benefit; making after my retreat from Niwot's morning service, twenty-nine dollars and forty cents for one day's work, the largest I ever received for a Sabbath day's work. Fifteen miles' travel, marrying two couples, and preaching three times. Who dares to say that the wind is not tempered to the shorn Lamb?

In the new town of Morrison, Brother McCormick and myself were engaged in a protracted effort, to which reference was made in the foregoing pages. When this meeting was at high-tide, a minister of a popular church, who had stated appointments at this place, came on to fill an engagement. We gave way, as it was a large schoolhouse, free to all denominations, and we could not demur. He entered the pulpit with great gusto of assurance, having a roll of manuscript sufficiently large to enswathe an Egyptian mummy. We expected to be devoured. He unrolled his manuscript, trying to fire, but his attempts were abortive. He inveighed against "spasmodic efforts," aiming to throw cold water on our progressive work, but his paper wads were non-effective. He finally retreated, saying that his press-

ing business demanded his attention and that he could no longer tarry with us. As it was Brother McCormick's mission, he got up after this man retreated and resumed our program of straightforward work, and all went triumphantly. When the time arrived when I was to leave for home, a large, burly man got up in the audience, remarking that we must take up a collection for Brother Lamb, adding, with emphasis, that a lawyer would charge more than one hundred dollars for less talk than Brother Lamb had given us with so much vim. (This man seemed to be governed by quantity. He said nothing of quality, so I could not appreciate his remarks as a compliment.) "Now," said he, "while I pass around with my hat, I want you to open your hearts and your pocketbooks, thus showing your appreciation." The response to this appeal was fully equal to the presentation, twenty-three dollars being the result. With a heart full of gratitude, I bade the old and new converts adieu, going home to see dear wife and children and how they were prospering during my absence. I found all well and happy. I then went to the post-office and found in my mail a letter from Rufus Clark, which contained a ten-dollar check and the information that there were several sacks of potatoes at the depot for our benefit. This act was highly appreciated, for at that time potatoes were selling for three dollars per hundred.

One more instance of the unexpected: I had purchased an animal while on the St. Vrain Mission, for on my enlarged work there was extensive traveling to be done. Not having the money to pay, I gave

Brother Allen my note for one hundred dollars (horses were very high in price then). My salary was so very meager that I had only paid five dollars on my note in three months. I was thinking of having to surrender the pony, as the grasshoppers were ravaging the country, and the prospects for a preacher's salary was diminishing in proportion to the destruction of the crops. While this matter was under consideration between wife and me, Brother Allen came over to see us one day. After commonplace conversation, when we were expecting a demand for money, or some explanation in regard to the matter, he got the note out of his wallet, passing it to me, saying, "That 's your present; the pony I give to Mrs. Lamb." We were amazed, surprised, and glad, and I was not afflicted with jealousy, and wife was happy.

Thus I could enumerate many other instances when assistance came in emergencies from places and persons unexpectedly. Enough have been presented to show why I have an abiding faith in the power and purposes of God. Many times in the dark march of this life we must walk by faith, even when, from a human standpoint, it seems impossible. Israel was told to go forward, even when the Red Sea confronted them; they went forward. Faith is a prominent factor, a prime principle, impelling onward and upward in each and every department of business and life. Natural faith inspired a Columbus to seek a new world, or at least a new land not designated on the maps of the world, even against the protest and derision of would-be philosophers and men of pro-

fessed science, who derided his scheme as a visionary chimera of an addled brain. But this impelling principle of natural faith so completely dominated his mind that he went from court to court pleading for assistance, which was finally granted, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella coming to his assistance.

Thus we learn from the page of history and material surroundings that Christopher Columbus succeeded grandly, the opposition of the semi-scientific and the great, and the threatening mutiny of his superstitious crew to the contrary notwithstanding. Natural faith for the benefit of man and a liberal government impelled a Washington to endure suffering and make a sacrifice which was duly characterized by a righteous perseverance, till a new nation was born, and by the merits of this faith the Stars and Stripes still floats "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." God grant that it may still wave, unsullied, till the archangel sounds the requiem of time.

Natural faith, by impelling to great works, has accomplished wonders in this material realm; in the discovering of new continents, founding of empires, in spanning the ocean with the facilities of speech, thus communicating from shore to shore; harnessing nature's forces to drive the wheels of inventive genius.

In the spiritual realm it is none the less true with reference to religious faith generated in God's promises and culminating in Jesus Christ, the world's only redeemer. Let us see what has been accom-

plished by faith in God's power through the merits of Christ's gospel preached throughout the world, beginning at Jerusalem. Remembering the world's moral condition at the time, Jesus Christ commenced preaching his gospel and instructing his disciples for carrying out and forwarding the same throughout the vast empire of earth. The Roman world at that time was involved in pagan mythology, their temples to Jupiter, Venus, Mars, and Bacchus evidencing the fact that they had defied the passions, white and dark, righteous and unrighteous, and universally worshiped at these shrines (the Jews excepted). But they were not better, for they were entrenched in the traditional grooves of their own interpretations and the teachings of a corrupt priesthood, who opposed with dogmatic hatred the purity and simplicity of the gospel. Gross idolatry was extant in India, Africa, and the isles of the ocean. We have here summarized the opposing forces that confronted Christianity in its inception. From a human standpoint, it would seem to be an impossibility to propagate and establish a new religion—a kingdom for Christ amidst this darkness, this mystic wilderness of superstition, this gross ignorance of the entities of true religion of spirituality. But Jesus Christ had said to his disciples, "Fear not, little flock, for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," but in order to the establishment of this kingdom it was absolutely necessary to exercise a strong spiritual faith in the power of God to fulfill these promises, for here were arrayed against this so-called innovation the malicious Jews, the pagan Gentile

world, and the worldly-wise, haughty Greeks. These combined with kings and emperors who were inspired with an evil determination to stop the progress of the gospel. But in this contest it was puny man presuming to measure arms with the eternal God. The inspired psalmist had his prophetic eye upon this important juncture that would come in the conflict of ages, in the world's battle between light and darkness, between God and the powers of evil, between Christianity and Jewish prejudice, Greek philosophy and heathen mythology, when he exclaims: Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed. In order to overcome this combination of evil concentrated against Christianity, required the power of the triune God and the unswerving faith of the disciples and the church. Thus they went forward in an unfaltering confidence in the promises of the Master, Jesus Christ. The fires of opposition blazed all along the contending line. The kings of earth, the emperors of Rome, the wisdom of Greece denounced the simplicity of this gospel of Christianity, but the white horse and his triumphant rider went forward conquering and to conquer. The results were soon made manifest. Christian churches were soon established throughout Jewry and the Gentile provinces of the Roman Empire. Wherever the banner of the gospel was unfurled to the heavenly breeze and the gospel proclaimed, it succeeded in the conversion of multiplied thousands, and opposers exclaimed, in amazement

and wrath, "These men are turning the world upside down!" Very strong complimentary evidence for the power and divinity of Christianity. Opposers were alarmed, and wicked men and devils combined, marshaling their unhallowed forces to put a stop to this sweeping tide, to the onward progress of this transforming religion; but their persecutions only served to impart stronger faith, greater zeal, and a righteous determination to overcome. They realized the promise of Christ in reference to this bleeding conflict, "Lo, I am with you alway." Not much wonder that the great historian Gibbon declared this success of Christianity to be due to its audacity in attacking the religions of the ages, and these religions had been grooved into the minds and hearts of the Jew and Gentile for thousands of years, but *God* was in it. This mantle of faith has characterized the march of the church down through the ages of tempest and storm. Faith braced the minds and fired the hearts of St. Ambrose, Chrysostom, Martin Luther, Melanchthon, and the mighty host of their worthy contemporaries. Thus they were enabled to face the din and strife of opposing forces, whether from church or state. Unshaken faith in God enabled Latimer and Ridley to endure the martyr's flames, by which they kindled a fire in England that has never been extinguished.

These historic facts, in connection with intelligent reading and observation, prove the power of Christianity, and evidence its spiritual force to transform from moral darkness to spiritual light and life. In less than three centuries from its inception

it had overrun the Roman Empire, and the banner of the Cross waved in triumph over the capital of the world. (Gibbon.) The temples of Mars, Juno, and Jupiter were deserted, left to desolation and death; the fires upon their altars have long since been extinguished by the greater light of the gospel. We have here presented a stronger foundation for eternal entities, for God, and for conscious existence of heaven and immortality beyond the line of this brief existence, than Christopher Columbus had for a new world. This faith and the evidence of these primal facts has inspired and impelled me forward in preaching the gospel for thirty-four years, facing the storms of winter, enduring the heat of summer, and many privations on the frontiers of the Western fields of missionary labor. The only apology that I offer for what might be called a digression in this, an autobiographical memoir, is this central fact: Faith in Jesus Christ has dominated my course of life for a half-century, and caused me to endure trials, suffer denials, and I desire that this record go upon the archives of this memoir to witness to all.

CHAPTER XX.

A European Tour, Visiting the World's Fair in Paris in 1900.

From boyhood's earliest days I have had a desire, an intense longing, to see the great and grand in nature's realm, also man's inventive genius and his executive ability in mechanical arts, sculpture, and painting. On my first trip across the plains in the year 1860, coming to Colorado, I was delighted with the vast expanse of illimitable plains that seemed to stretch north and south till a union was formed, then blended with the blue sky; the graceful, fleet-footed antelopes scurrying away from the rolling train; the vast and ponderous herds of buffaloes, and the wild Indians who visited our camp-fires almost every night of our journey across the plains. The sight of all these things, both animate and inanimate, seemed to intensify my interest in the study of nature's storehouse, also human nature in its diversity, savage and civilized, cultured and uncultured.

But the sights and scenes of the prairie plains were minimized when we got into the mountains, amid evergreens, purling streams, crystal waters rippling over pebbly bottoms and golden sands, and all around majestic mountains, rugged cliffs, dark gorges, silvery cascades, lakes and flowers, birds and squirrels. Oh, how inviting to nature's lover. To me these surroundings were perfectly fascinating, so much so

that I have never been content since that time to live beyond the reach and range of mountain scenes and silvery streams.

But the wise man said that the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. This was true in my own case. Being in my sixty-ninth year, and having never been farther east than my native State, and having never seen the ocean, much less a foreign shore, I therefore resolved to visit Europe, including the Paris Exposition in 1900, as it was a memorable epoch in the march of time.

Accordingly, I made arrangements for my absence, making my will, knowing that many go never to return. Bidding my dear wife farewell on the morning of May 26, I was coached to the town of Lyons in four hours, there taking the train for Denver City, where I tarried one day and night, then boarded the train for Chicago, where my friend, Enos A. Mills, from Butte, Montana, joined me. We at once procured our tickets for New York via Washington, D. C., desiring to take in some of the sights and sounds of our capital.

We visited the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber. As Congress was in session, we naturally expected to hear something extraordinary, if not startling, as we supposed that here was centered and concentrated the representative wisdom of the United States of America. But we were disappointed, for we heard nothing but what was very tame and commonplace. A passive spirit of listlessness seemed to characterize the whole body, as was evidenced by inattention. I hope that I will not be

considered egotistical when I say that I could attract more attention by inveighing against heathen mythology, trusts, and high taxation. Tiring of these dry platitudes of suppositious wisdom, we went into the rotunda of the Capitol, where is illustrated and represented by a grand painting the movement of civilization from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. With the painting are these expressive words, "Westward the star of empire takes its way." This has been tangibly characterized, for through the forests of Maine, Vermont, Ohio, and Indiana our sturdy yoemen have cleared the way, till the mighty wave merged onto the far-sweeping savannas of the western part of this continent.

Wanting something more sensational and higher, if not brighter, we strolled beyond the Presidential mansion to the Washington monument, one of the highest in the world, being five hundred and fifty-four feet in altitude. The Government keeps an agent there at stated times to wait on visitors who desire an upward tendency. As several were there going up, we Coloradoans joined them, for our people are high-minded always. Twenty-nine stepped into the cage, then upward, slowly, slowly, we went, safety being the consideration more than swiftness. At the five hundred-foot level the elevator stopped and we disembarked onto a level platform, from which we had a sweeping view to all points of the compass. From this high point of view the city and scenery are grand, if not inspiring, this monument and city, in name and fame, immortalizing the Father of our Country.

Not having time or inclination to linger longer in our capital, we boarded the train for New York, having only passing glimpses of Baltimore and Philadelphia.

At 7:30 P.M., we found ourselves on historic Broadway in New York for the first time in life. We soon found a hotel lodging, where we retired for rest and to think and dream of absent loved ones and the ocean voyage to Europe's shores. We stopped here until June 6, taking in some of the important points, the great Brooklyn bridge not excepted. The most interesting and instructive was our visit to the Museum of Natural History and the Fine Arts Building. In the Museum of Natural History you gain knowledge in reference to the evolution of past ages that is more impressive and indelible than that obtained from books. Those huge skeletons of monster serpents, amphibious animals, and forest rangers evidence the fact that water, earth, and air were all once in a warmer condition than is necessary for present animate existence. Here we have the principle of gradation and adaptation necessary for advancing times, and yet there remain unsolved mysteries in regard to creation, propagation, and the extinction of that primal existence. In the Fine Arts Building we saw a wonderful collection of relics of antiquity, sculpture, and painting, evidencing the art of genius and civilization and æsthetic taste. One visiting New York cannot afford to neglect seeing and inspecting these collections of past ages and modern productions of executive ability.

On the morning of June 6, we bade our host adieu, and, by letters, farewell to our friends and relatives, and went aboard the *St. Paul,* one of the ocean greyhounds conspicuous for fast sailing, her length being 550 feet, width 72 feet, and the upper deck 28 feet above sea-level. This vessel had a capacity of 11,000 horse-power, requiring a crew of 380 men to man her, carrying 500 steerage, 300 first-class, and 250 second-class passengers, with an ample supply of provisions, both in quantity and quality, to meet the demands of the most fastidious. The gong sounded three times a day, then for an 8:00 P.M. lunch—sufficient for the hungry, devouring throng of humanity.

Leaving the Statue of Liberty, Sandy Hook, and the pilot-boat all in the background, we are fully committed to the wide waste of deep, illimitable waters. To one who never saw ship or ocean, the sights and sensations are a wonderful experience. The vast expanse of waters, the rolling waves, the powerful, swiftly moving vessel, all combine to make a strange impression on the mind of the thinking man—the power and wisdom of God in creating and man's wonderful genius and skill in grappling with and overcoming these elements. When we were out two days, some of the dizzy-headed and weak-stomached order began paying tribute to old Neptune, their sympathetic natures being aroused and their stomachs inclined in a generous mood. They parted with good things that, in their supreme acquisitiveness, they had appropriated for selfish purposes, giving up these table luxuries to feed the passengers of the

deep. It was a striking exhibition of enforced charity, with no lingering, avaricious regrets or tearful demonstrations in parting with these luxuries. I would like to see the fellow who perpetrated these lines, especially when seasickness is on the program with purging humanity:

"A life on the ocean wave!
A home on the rolling deep,
When clouds and sickness come,
And the winds their revels keep."

Crossing the Atlantic was to me an interesting experience. Of a night's starlight clearness I loved to be alone on deck looking away off into the dim distance in immensity, where sky and ocean seemed to blend in one, a unity of the world's great and mysterious elements; the silvery moon going down, as it appeared, into the ocean's depths; the stars shining in the heavens, casting their sparkling light on ocean's wave, scintillating like diamonds. It was the grandest place and opportunity for profound thought and sublime meditation that I ever enjoyed. Here the mind could expand, revel, and soar, taking in the past, dwelling upon the possible probabilities of the future, running back through eternity's mysterious past without finding a beginning, trying to turn aside the veil that hides the unsolved future from mortal ken.

While I am thus describing scenes and sensations, we are gliding with almost railway speed towards Southampton's port, England. From four hundred and forty miles a day up to four hundred and seventy-five was our run, seven days bringing us to

our desired haven. We are glad to press *terra firma* again. The first time we ever stepped on foreign shore. Our baggage was examined in a short time and in a gentlemanly manner by our English cousins, who more than duplicated our republican snobs at the port of New York. These English agents courteously directed us to our train for London. After getting us into the cars, the conductor came around and examined our tickets, locked us in our respective cars, then disappeared, and we saw him no more. We thought this very un-American, but remembered that we were in old England, the isle of King Henry, George, and James, where monarchy supposititiously transcends republican institutions and democratic principles and privileges. In three hours our train stopped at Waterloo Station, where we found one of Cook's agents awaiting our arrival with buses and carriages. We were invited to take seats within and soon found ourselves being whirled rapidly across the Thames, along crowded streets, finally stopping at the great and popular Anderton Hotel, on Fleet Street, of historic renown.

So here we are in London, the world's metropolis in population, if not in morals and manners. Old, historic England, of power and peace, of past wrongs and present greatness in church and state, having a population of five million souls of great diversity, rich and poor, ignorant and highly educated, cultured and uncultured, strictly religious, churchly, and semi-heathenish morally. Such is the status of London's complex population.

Cook's Company was under previous obligations to furnish guides and transportation to various places and points of interest. Accordingly, in harmony with this feature of the program, three omnibuses were driven up to our hotel at precisely 9 : 00 A.M. These buses, with from four to six horses attached, have a capacity of from twenty-four to thirty-two persons. Well, off we went through the main streets to many of the public buildings, across the bridges that span the Thames, visiting the parks, monumental decorations, and museums. The Prince Albert is the grandest of the world's productions in the monumental line, costing over one million dollars, to perpetuate his goodness, if not his greatness, it having become proverbial, "Prince Albert the Good." Trafalgar Square also represents many of England's greatest men in monumental glory, in bronze and marble, evidencing genius in design and execution. Thus it is that the good and great live on in sacred memory, enshrined in the heart's affections of those they served in army, church, and state.

Kensington Gardens and Queen Victoria's nursery rooms were next visited. Many things were still intact where the little girl, the now honored queen, had left them—mementos of childhood's playful innocence and delight. (She has died since we were there.) After these sights and scenes of the morning, we concluded to repair to the lunch tables of a first-class restaurant for material wants. We found everything tip-top, except my miniature coffee-cup. I felt it to be my painful duty to give the polite, white-aproned knight of the table a free lecture, mostly on

the diminutive size of the porcelain, when the fact was notorious that coffee in quantity, as well as quality, was my chief dependence. This, my first lecture in England, resulted in his compromising with me, making a discount of five cents on my stipulated bill. I felt very much elated, having scored a victory in a monarchical government, and was, of course, correspondingly happy. Slept well that night at the Anderton Hotel, thinking of my victory and that Americans conquer in contests with Englishmen.

And right here and now I must record the fact that I was the only reverend in our party, and was assigned to a large, commodious room all to myself. I appreciated this kindly consideration very much, knowing that if by myself I was at least certain of good company—none to fear and none to harm.

The second day we took in the British Museum, inspecting as closely as our limited time would permit. In this grand collection there are many things of great interest for the antiquarian and the modern man who possesses a thinking mind. Here we have an exhibition of primitive rudeness in the mechanical arts in the ages past. Then the primitive knowledge of ancients in literature and the art of book-making is amusing, while interesting; from parchments up to manuscripts, finally books with wooden backs, coarsely and roughly executed in a mechanical sense. Then, instead of illustrating, as we term it with reference to the pictorial department, they called it "illuminating." In this, and in regard to many other things, we plainly discover how, from step to step, advancement has been made along all lines of

high civilization. Here is a vast storehouse for the student's research, by which he can increase his store of knowledge immensely.

We next went to the old time-famed Westminster Abbey, that grand, historic structure that has withstood the ravages of time for more than a thousand years. One feels as if walking under the somber shadows of past ages while going through its corridors and stately halls, where rest the silent dead—the warrior, statesman, and churchman. The warrior hears no more the cannon's roar, the clash of arms, or the strife of battle, nor sees the garments rolled in blood; the statesman's polemic eloquence and brilliant ability in controversy are stilled in the mystic maze of death; the churchman no longer contends with dogmatic earnestness for creeds and tenets of controverted and doubtful theology. All are sleeping that peaceful sleep that feels no discord, hears no clash of arms, is troubled no more with anxious care, is freed from solicitude of body and mind; their battles have been fought, their defeats and victories have been lost and gained, and are all recorded on history's pages. These archives are sealed for all eternity, and while lying here embalmed and entombed in this stately abbey they are enshrined in the heart's deepest affections of the English people.

In connection with our guide was a clergyman, who conducted us through different departments of the vast pile with a continuous lecture, explaining and illustrating, giving dates and data in a manner intelligible and interesting to all. He was very courteous.

St. Paul's Cathedral is a more modern structure, but none the less conspicuous, standing out in bold relief on Ludgate Hill, a very imposing monument of architectural genius, immortalizing Christopher Wren. Its chiming bells invite thousands to worship the triune God. Here the present living throng and the silent dead present a panoramic scene to the thinking mind that cannot be erased from memory's living page. The departed have acted their part in the drama of life and left the stage; the living, with hopes and high aspirations and bright expectations, are moving on and playing their part with cheering songs and sorrow of heart, blending in life's experience the sunshine and shadow of gloom and disappointment. But the embalmed dead of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey are still living in history, in grateful memory, and in the affections of friends and relatives forever. There is that bold, that fearless Cromwell, who led his iron-clad psalm-singers on to victory against corruption in church and oppression in state. There reposes a Livingstone, after a life of toil and suffering resting in peaceful slumber, having devoted his time and sacrificed his life to better the condition of Africa's sable sons. Side by side are sleeping statesmen and warriors who have exercised their power and directed their genius to maintain the honor and glory of their country. But here in the Abbey is the sacred spot, the Poet's Corner. Step lightly. Let no rude sound disturb their silent sleep in the dreamland of whispering vespers and immortal praise. They live on by virtue of their inspiring productions, which have

given courage to the disappointed and despondent, and generated hopes and high resolves for future efforts. These have soothed the troubled heart and caused the soul immortal to rejoice with songs of triumph and rhythmic happiness, the prelude to eternal life. Here they rest inside these massive walls, canopied with high domes and glittering pinnacles, and the silent shadows of departing day; they court no more the muses of the poetic realm. Their viewless fingers touch the harp strings of the choir immortal, chiming in celestial music with that innumerable company who sing heaven's songs without a jarring note of discord, and harmony reigns and rules in all that peaceful realm.

Our buses now swing around by Charring Cross bridge, close to the Parliament buildings, where English statesmen are now earnestly discussing the South African problem. For this reason, or some other unknown to us, our guide did not permit American footsteps in the sanctum of their deliberations.

But here we are right by the Old Curiosity Shop, mentioned so often by Charles Dickens, the author of "Dombey and Son" and pathetic "Little Nell." Dickens evidenced great interest in this now historic way-mark.

Another night's rest on the isle of England's greatness, and with strong coffee and mutton chops for breakfast, and we are fully prepared for the inspection of London Tower. This dark and gloomy pile enshrines a pathetic history of tragedies dark, deep, and damning, unknown and unguessed by the common herd. From these dark cells heart-rending

prayers have gone up to kings and judges which were never answered. As we passed little gateways and along narrow corridors and up gloomy stone stairways, burly policemen scanned us closely, counting our numbers strictly, for what purpose we were not informed, probably to ascertain if they had sufficient prison room for our incarceration in case of necessity. Oh, those dark, forbidding chambers of death, desolation, and despair! Here hearts have been crushed, tears and prayers for mercy cruelly ignored. In passing the dark-chambered cells of those condemned to death, we thought of the Bridge of Sighs in Venice and of Dante's Inferno with this hopeless inscription: He who enters here leaves all hope behind. Awful imprisonments for months, even for years, many times, before their execution.

The beautiful Anne Boleyn and Catharine Howard were here imprisoned from queenly power, dazzling splendor, and courtly prestige, condemned to the block by their heartless king. These two of King Henry's six wives were beheaded by order of the king. Whether guilty or innocent, they died by the axman's stroke. Sad fatality, from greatness and glory to the tragedy of death. In an open court, or square, we were shown the spot where beautiful Anne Boleyn, England's anointed queen, the second wife of Henry VIII., was beheaded. Her appeals to her cruel king were unavailing. She then turned to the King of kings for mercy. One writer records the fact of her lips whispering the words, "Show pity, Lord," just after the axman, by a single stroke, had severed her head from her body. While standing by

this tragic spot, I tried to think what must have been her sensations of mind as she was being led to the place of execution; what an eternity of thought must have passed through her mind while going from the imprisoning cell to the executioner's block. An iron railing surrounds the spot, on which is the wooden block impressed to fit the head of victims to be executed. This historic scene marks the place of one of England's darkest tragedies and of King Henry's cruelest act of inhumanity.

CHAPTER XXI.

Our allotted time in London having expired, we left on the evening train for the port of New Haven, our place of departure from England to Dieppe, on the French coast. Reaching New Haven at midnight, we hurried on board the steamer plying between this port and the French coast. Here happened an episode to myself not at all pleasant. It being quite dark, in following the crowd I got on the French vessel instead of the English, as there was a bridge leading onto it. In the press of humanity it was difficult to designate who, when, or where. After going down into the cabin, I discovered that I was surrounded by Frenchmen entirely—not one of my own company. Here was a predicament not down on the program. Not knowing what it meant, I asked several passengers for information in reference to this promiscuous entanglement. They gazed at me with a supercilious grin. By this time I was getting very much exasperated, not knowing but what the French craft was going to Devil's Island, west coast of Guiana, where they had shipped Dreyfus a few months previous. Finally a French officer appeared on the scene, and, seeing that I was in a dilemma, and an American, he conversed by signs and gesticulations. I replied by the same language. I then showed him my ticket for the Paris Exposition. He seemed to grasp the complexity of the situation at

once, as was evidenced by his manifest commiseration for the lost Lamb. He shoved trunks aside, moving valises with French vim, then, spreading a large blanket in the vacant space, motioned me to occupy it for rest and sleep, if possible. But, with the raging channel and the rolling vessel, I might as well have tried courting sleep in the precincts of a Catholic purgatory. I felt like entering my protest against the English Channel, the Paris Exposition, Cook's Company, and the whole world in general. Just as welcome daylight made its appearance I saw the English vessel steaming in the wake of our French liner, some distance behind us, but before entering port our vessel fell back, letting the other craft come to dock first—French courtesy, doubtless. Mills and all my company were standing on the dock, grinning like unfledged Americans.

Well, here we are on Europe's shores, French territory, the port of Dieppe. Our baggage was quickly examined by courteous officers and we boarded the train for Paris, whirling swiftly away through the provinces of Normandy and Brittany, with their many thatch-covered cottages, and the country more than a thousand years old. Strange conundrum! On the way I got into a spirited controversy with a Frenchman, who spoke the English language very plainly. He insisted that our American people had no right to interfere with Spain's Cuban affairs, saying that it was none of our business. I told the gentleman that if we were traveling along the public highway and saw a fighting bully have a small man down in the dusty road hammering him over the

shoulders and head, jamming his face into the sand, and trying to kill him, that it would be our duty to hasten to his assistance when he was crying for help. I told him that our nation did not make wars for conquest, but from a broad humanitarian standpoint we entered our protest, with emphasis, against Spain's persistent oppression and high taxation of the struggling Cubans; and that Spanish arrogancy was needing a spanking, and that Uncle Sam had the humane audacity to give it. He seemed a gentleman, accepting the proposition without further controversy. This was my first effort in forensic combat in Europe.

Here we are at the Paris depot, with Cook's agents on hand with an ample supply of buses and carriages to handle their company. We were taken rapidly through several streets and unloaded at our "Cook's Hotel," where they feed and sleep over one thousand guests. Not having had anything to eat since leaving London the previous evening, we were in a voracious condition for breakfast. Our American appetites seemed to confound, almost to paralyze, the white-aproned waiters, beefsteak and French coffee disappearing with amazing rapidity.

After this ten-o'clock breakfast, Mr. Hardy and I struck out for the Fair Grounds. Passing the gatekeepers, with their French jargon, we were at once confronted with a vast concourse of humanity. Here was diversity in color, speech, dress, and action. We took in the principal state buildings on this our first day's experience at the World's Fair. I finally got tired in mind and body and concluded to take a rest.

Hardy, being young and vigorous, went staving ahead as if aiming to take in the whole concentration that day. After spending some time resting and intently watching the mixed mass of diversified humanity going and coming and jamming each other, I started for my hotel. I soon found out that I was bewildered and lost in this maze of streets and boulevards. Making inquiry of a number for "Cook's Hotel," they would gaze at me with an exasperating smile and pass on. Not one person that I met in my wandering that evening could speak white man's language, and yet there were several thousand Americans in Paris at that time. The result of my bewilderment caused me to travel at least ten miles before finding my hotel, and in connection with this lost condition was an experience quite amusing, if not ridiculous. In my wandering around I crossed the river Seine a number of times, finally dropping down into an excavation made for railways, in which there were four tracks. Looking forward and backward, too, I saw that there were several trains in motion, so I started on a brisk run in order to reach a sloping, that I might get out of this railway cut. In thus running, in some way my foot caught on a rail, then the fall; down tumbled six feet of ordinary humanity. Righting myself as soon as possible, and looking around, I saw four Frenchmen coming on a run. When they saw me fall down, they dropped their shovels and picks immediately, starting to the rescue, doubtless thinking me drunk or insane, and concluding that it was a case of necessity and their duty to help me. However, I

crawled up the embankment and caught the welcome sight of my hotel. After a hearty supper, the perplexity of my lost condition was banished.

Next day, we were out bright and early. We first visited the Trocadero, an expansive building that covered several acres. From beneath came a broad sheet of water running over an inclining plain towards the Seine. This incline was filled with flowers, shrubbery, and statuary beautifully arranged, making little rills of water running in devious ways all through this artistic department. In close proximity to the Trocadero were representative villages of Russia, Switzerland, and Hungary, and of the French provinces of Africa and Guiana. Here are Turks stalking around with an air of independence, almost defiance, among what they denominate "Christian dogs." Here are black and brown men, representatives from all nations and every phase of civilization, from English-speaking to Brahmans, Buddhists, and the idol worshipers of India and Africa, all blended together with the followers of Mohammed, Zoroaster, and Christ.

Mills, Hardy, and I spent one evening in seeing and inspecting the electrical building. It was wonderful, the magnificent, flashing display as exhibited on this evening. It certainly did credit to inventive genius and the directors of this fiery department. But who can enjoy an exhibition in congested streets and crowded alleys, with two hundred and eighty thousand engaged in French gabbling (to us a meaningless language) and jostling each other, crowding and gesticulating with sufficient force to run a saw-

mill? Why not everybody talk the English language? We left the scene of sights and sounds in semi-disgust and went to our hotel, retiring immediately to dream of home and intelligent civilization.

Next day, we went through the Fine Arts Building, trying to take in the wonderful display, but a head of iron, brass brains, and an elastic mind could not take in, digest, and appropriate one-half of what was in these departments. The law or principle of assimilation utterly breaks down in trying to master the ponderosity, the massiveness of these exhibitions. Alone I took an "Around and Around Ride" on the ever-revolving streetway. You could enjoy this revolving ride until tired and dizzy for one franc.

Now, again through our Government buildings with closer inspection. The Washington statue stands out in bold relief in front, representing to other nations the revered Father of our Country, who, in dark ages, dared, with our honored sires, to espouse the cause of liberty and equal rights for all men. While this equestrian statue represents so much to us, the pæan of universal liberty has been chiming around the world, and to-day monarchies and republics fraternally clasp hands and acknowledge that all are free and equal.

Having three days' drive with guides and omnibuses, we are off this morning for Versailles, the former palace for kings and queens when monarchy was in power and glory.

Our drive from Paris out to Versailles was twelve miles in length and led through magnificent groves of horse-chestnut and a large expanse of native

forest, also through the memorable village of St. Cloud. Our three buses hauled about fifty Americans to see and inspect the relics of kingly pomp, pageantry, and power.

These gilded chambers and winding corridors, rich in paintings and elaborate ornamentation, have been left intact. Even when the victorious Prussian army encamped on these beautiful grounds, their officers occupying these kingly halls, be it said to their honor and national consideration, nothing was taken or disturbed. There is, sometimes, sufficient gilding in the tragedy of war to inspire the writer of prose and the genius of poetry to clothe these crimson crimes with an imaginary glory borrowed from the temple of Mars in honor to the goddess of war.

Taking a view of all this glittering display as we were marching through these courts and corridors, I felt compelled to moralize on the pride, vanity, ambition, and the changing scenes and transient glory of kingly power and ephemeral fame. In these halls were gathered (in the pathetic past) kings and emperors with their consorts and the nobility of Paris in social converse and doubtful luxuries. They reveled to the sound of rhythmic music till the senses were intoxicated with wild, inexplicable influences of these scintillating surroundings, social charms, and splendid vices. Little did the Louis's think of the gathering storms of coming tragedies, when the fall of pride and destruction would put a period to future hopes and prospective glory. Napoleon did not dream of Waterloo's requiem chanting his downfall of military glory, much less of ocean's waves beating

music—music to fallen pride and unhallowed ambition on St. Helena's rockbound coast, which was a righteous judgment on the man whose greatest joy was in the rumble and roar of death-dealing artillery and the clash of arms, though shattered limbs, dying groans, and garments rolled in blood were the crimson sequence. It required these cruel enactments to rear the Arch of Triumph. The present Republic of France has relegated all this tapestry and useless pageantry into the background. After taking in these mementos of departed glory, we went back half-way, stopping at St. Cloud for a lunch and inspection of the historic village. The shelling of the place by the German army wrought the destruction of some buildings and marred the beauty of their artificial groves and floral departments. After two hours spent here inspecting with the mind's eye and repairing material strength by appropriating French viands, we mounted our big buses, then our jehu drivers cracked their whips, and we whirled into the proud capital, decamped at Cook's Hotel, having traveled twenty-four miles, and seen enough to satisfy the curiosity of even a radical, down-east Yankee.

Next morning, at 9:00 A.M., we are off again, being determined to have the worth of our money invested and accumulating interest. We first went to the grandest church in Paris—St. Madeleine Cathedral, which is large, ornamental, and glittering. The great high priest was just then officiating at the altar, and our party of twenty-five were unceremoniously stopped in the vestibule, not being permitted, with

our Protestant appendages, to trample the holy precincts close to the altar. If Christ had been there in holy ministrations, he doubtless would have invited us up close to the altar and service, but this was a Catholic church, and we were all of the Protestant persuasion and inclination. After the priest was through with his morning service pertaining directly to the church, he courteously turned his face towards us and, with uplifted hands, proceeded to bless us, but it was as non-effective as the Pope's blessing was on the Invincible Armada that Admiral Drake and heaven's winds cabled on the bottom of the Atlantic. However, it was done with courtesy and kindly consideration, but we were invulnerable Protestants.

The next place of interest our guide brought us to was the Arch of Triumph, a structure costing over a million dollars, standing in grand outline to commemorate Napoleon's victories over the crushed, groaning, dying, and dead who went down on the sanguinary fields of Marengo and Austerlitz.

On the third and last day of our free riding we were taken to the Louvre (Lou, the French pronounce it), where there is the largest collection of statuary, paintings, bronze devices, relics of rich ornamental design, jewels and jewelry *ad infinitum*—the spoils of other kingdoms and nations, marking the march of time, bringing up in memory the conspicuous characters of the good and great who have figured in church and state, and those who have gained renown in the military camp and in the field of active operations. These representatives of the past stand out in voluminous measure and rich profusion, with

extravagant detail that is almost bewildering. Although standing in cold and pathetic silence, as we gazed upon them they told us of their defeats and victories in the world's warfare down through ages of tempest and storm.

This collection is so vast in volume, so diversified in design, evidencing such artistic genius, that I will not attempt further description. It is the largest collection in the world, and one must see it to believe it.

This is our last evening in Paris for the present, as we have a tour mapped out of several thousand miles and many days, the chief points being through the Alpine regions of Switzerland, Lucerne, Milan, Venice, Rome, Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Geneva.

CHAPTER XXII.

Our tickets for this trip now before us cost us over one hundred and eight dollars. When Mills and I were leaving our hotel for the depot, our traveling chums and friends gave us a cheering send-off with swinging hats and waving kerchiefs, wishing us a safe and pleasant trip. Adieu, beautiful Paris!

Just at dark we board our train for the long-contemplated trip of old cities, antiquated ruins, and picturesque scenery. By 9:00 P.M. we are whirling rapidly through French territory, then we enter upon the lands, lakes, and beautiful mountain streams of the Swiss Republic, the land of William Tell, and highly honored because of the intelligence and bravery of her people and their love for their country, a prime characteristic, as with the Scotch Highlanders and all lovers of mountain scenery. Morning light brings us to the city of Lucerne, the blue Rhine, and many lakes that shimmer under the influence of the rising sun like silver spangles. Lakes mingle with evergreens and everlasting and always fascinating mountains, hills, and vales. Going through the St. Gothard tunnel, we finally reach the city of Milan, Italy. The far-famed cathedral of this place is a thing of beauty and an architectural wonder to the beholder. Rich in ornamental finish and magnificent design, its glory has been extolled by writers of prose and the muses of poetry. After

strolling through the city till tired, we returned to the depot, being compelled to wait till 11:00 P.M. for our Venice train, that being our next objective point. We indulged in the luxury of a hearty lunch, the Lamb downing three cups of strong, fragrant coffee to commemorate the land of Dante, the man who, with Virgil, went through heaven and hell, then, as a final finish, through purgatory, a side-show to the weird, eternal pageant.

Seven hours of steaming, rumbling, and onward rolling bring us to the most unique city in the world, where the Doges once reigned in splendor and glory, whose military power was many times courted to assist other struggling provinces from the lash of grievous oppression and the curse of tyranny. The city is builded upon small islands and pilings in the Adriatic Sea. Here we found ourselves confronted with negative circumstances, no Cook's agents nor any other man to talk white man's language, none of the Venetians having the courtesy or kindly consideration to give desired information or necessary instruction. We were, therefore, under the painful necessity of resorting to the sign and motion language. Pointing a finger of American emphasis towards a stalwart gondolier, then towards his gondola, he motioned us into his boat and rowed us on the large canal, the main artery through the aquatic city. Fine palaces and ancient mansions decorated both sides of this waterway, the stepping-stones to these structures starting at the water's level. A strange city, strange people, and strange scenes, and naturally such surroundings generate strange and

inexplicable feelings. Our gondolier, concluding that he had rowed us enough to exhaust the two francs given him, landed us in front of St. Mark's Cathedral, which is located, with many other buildings, on a small island. Not having had a square meal since leaving Paris, we were determined to try a Venetian beefsteak. While I was resting on the hotel veranda, Mills went out in search of the desired article, but did not succeed. They do not serve such luxuries for breakfast in these Oriental caravansaries, and seemingly cannot understand why an American has such a voracious, hoggish appetite. We were compelled to compromise our bill of fare by taking some cold chicken and supposititious soup, which was so very thin that I concluded that a chicken might have flown over the dish. A gentleman from Rome (a Virginian), with greater charity or a stronger imagination than I possessed, suggested that a hen had probably waded through the mystic mess. No matter, we supped our thin soup with alacrity, devoured cold chicken with avidity, astonishing Venetian waiters.

St. Mark's Cathedral, in fine ornamental design and finish, is perhaps not duplicated in the world, enough gold and silver being used in ornamentation to pay a national debt and buy a good breakfast for a starving party. There are two bronze lions in front of the church, symbolizing the lion of the tribe of Judah in his power and glory in the great work of redemption; the other lion, to my mind, was suggestive of the roaring lion going around seeking some one to devour. These lions, in harmony with Bible

EVERGREEN GROVE—*Five acres surround our home*

lines, surely and justly represent or symbolize the two great powers in the mighty conflict of ages between good and evil. The Venetians have a beautiful custom which has been kept up time out of mind of feeding a large flock of doves promptly every day at two o'clock. We had the pleasure of witnessing this birdly charity and dove-like consideration, and I must say that there is more tangible Christianity evidenced by this act of feeding the fowls of heaven than in the priestly chanting—unintelligible to more than half the people.

Venice is a city without a horse, mule, or donkey, cart, carriage, or wagon. Here are surely many negations which modern civilization would denominate as being unconventional and out-of-date. With eyes and ears open and nostrils expanded, we tried to take in all the ethics of beauty and poetic design on the churches and fine mansions, then, as we were taken around by our gondolier through narrow alleys by private houses, our olfactory appendages were greeted with a fragrance contrary to all poetic productions. Whether on sea or land, this fragrance results from garbage thrown in the alleys, where it stays until decomposition takes place, unless a storm arises and the waves take this nuisance out to sea. Thus we viewed these sights and scenes, pleasant, sublime, and pathetic; pathetic because of former greatness and dazzling glory, now in weird and waning decay. Pride, vanity, and an unhallowed ambition so terribly intoxicate the normality of good common sense that it nearly always ultimates in destruction. "Pride goeth before destruction, and

an haughty spirit before a fall." Farewell, old Venice, we have gazed upon your palaces and St. Mark's for the first and last time, in all probability, for our Colorado home is seven thousand miles away from storm-tossed Adriatic and decaying Venice and the old Bridge of Sighs.

Eight P.M. finds us rolling towards Rome, the eternal city of the Cæsars, of the commonwealth, of oppressive monarchy, of Goths and Vandals, of pagans and Christians. Arriving about midnight at the depot, we found carriages in superfluous numbers ready to take us to first-class hotels. We selected a good one from the best obtainable information, and, as it was beyond the midnight hour, we retired at once to capacious rooms and downy beds to sleep in Rome and dream of home's chiming joys.

In the early morning we looked out upon pinnacles, spires, and domes of the Eternal City, with the sluggish Tiber rolling by. Being eager and anxious to prospect and investigate the antiquated ruins and modern ideals of this historic city, we hastily donned our wearing apparel. On going down to the dining-room we found some Americans seated at the breakfast table, making the situation seem like civilization in a strange land. Our bill of fare, consisting of dry bread, honey, and dilapidated butter, did not measure up to the demands of Mills's voracious appetite. He gazed upon this meager display of Italian viands with semi-consternation, then asked the waiter, in pathetic tones, with innocent demeanor, "Could we have a beefsteak?" thus evidencing his animal instincts and abnormality of appetite to the

citizens of Rome and the Gentile world in general. The Lamb was passively submissive, but thought of wife's prepared breakfasts in the Rockies of Colorado. We got neither steak nor sauce for breakfast.

Our kindly host procuring us an English-speaking guide, we made ready for action. Right here, will some one tell us why we are so interested and anxious to know the past history of people and places of antiquated renown? Ever since I first read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Holy Roman Empire," dating from Mark Antony's overthrow by and through the wily seductions of that black-eyed sorceress of the Nile, Cleopatra, and the triumph of Augustus, to the fall of the great Constantine city (Constantinople), I have had an intense longing to see Rome, the inhabitants and ruins of this renowned empire, antedating Christianity by several centuries.

We first went to St. John's Church, which is built upon the true or traditional site of the old Mamertine dungeon, where many Christians were imprisoned, including St. Paul, under the reign of that cruel, heartless Emperor Nero, whose memory is retained in immortal infamy. The old recluse who seemed to be the guardian angel of these uncanny dens, lighted candles for our convenience. While passing through these subterranean passages from one dark cell to another darker still, an air of chilling desolation pervaded all. The overhead material seemed to be of earth and stone entirely. Iron staples were fastened into the rock-bound sides of these gloomy cells, where victims were chained for months, even years, before their execution. The poet expresses

a terrible truth when he says that man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn—so with Nero. I could but wonder where St. Paul was chained before his execution. These prisons low and dark and desolate, speak in silent but certain language of evil times and bitter persecutions, as the catacombs of Rome of intolerant spirits, of savage and pagan ignorance. We left these gloomy scenes for brighter sights, going to St. Peter's splendid pile, which excels in expanse and massiveness all others in the world, decorated with many columns in front, like silent sentinels guarding the approach to the holy shrine of multitudinous devout worshipers. In the main auditorium there is sufficient space to locate many ordinary churches. The architecture, sculpture, and paintings are grand in design and artistic in finish, and evidence a gigantic mind and the consummate genius of all who planned and directed in this stupendous building. Michael Angelo, like Christopher Wren, will ever live in memory of all who are conversant with these mighty fabrics. The Milan Cathedral, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey of London, St. Mark's of Venice, and St. Peter's of Rome evidence the primal fact that people will spend millions to build fanes in which to worship the triune God.

The Vatican is a large-spreading structure of more than eleven hundred rooms. The Pope, with his guards and vast numbers of servants and retainers, occupies this superfluous, complex building. Notwithstanding the traditional dogma of this infallible potentate, Christ's vicegerent on earth, having all

power to open and close the portals of salvation to man, yet deems it necessary to have a select guard of tall Swiss soldiers to protect his holiness from Gentile harm. We paid pennies to examine his gold and silver ornamented chariots in which the Pope formerly rode out in pomp and pageantry when wearing the triple crown, but now that he is shorn of this power and former prerogatives, his chariots are housed as an idle dream, yet guarded as sacred relics of former glory and universal power. This St. Peter's Church and Vatican are sufficiently large to house all the righteousness of the Catholic Church in Europe and part of Asia. The Pope, not being aware of such distinguished visitors, never showed himself. After a lunch of good things and Italian wine, we hired an equipped carriage and drove out many miles on the old Appian Way, over which the Roman legions marched to war and battle, returning with victory and spoils of distant provinces, then, as they neared the city on this Roman highway, their captives of distinction were chained to their chariots and thus driven through the principal streets, then reserved for the tragedies of the Colosseum. This road is stone-paved for miles. We went as far as the actual or traditional site of the three taverns, where Paul's friends met him on his way to Rome as a prisoner, where the Bible says he thanked God and took courage. On our return trip we came by the Arch of Titus. This the Roman general built to his honor to commemorate his successful siege of Jerusalem. Then we stopped to inspect the ruins of the old Forum, where Roman

senators once met to discuss matters of state and army, engaging in forensic displays of mental ability and inspiring eloquence, and sometimes culminating in dark deeds of crimson tragedies. If I remember correctly, here Cæsar went down to death by the ignoble Brutus assassinating him, his former friend. Such acts stain history and smirch the manhood of humanity, and yet these inhuman tragedies have been characteristic of all nations down through all ages.

Our next objective point of interest was the Colosseum, which is grand in her ruins. The massive wall on the north looks to be one hundred and fifty feet high, the stone seats rising in harmonious order from the arena to the cap-stones. The dens for the wild beasts and the alley or channel leading out to the arena are almost intact. Here from eighty to one hundred thousand used to assemble, banking these stone seats, rising higher and higher, to witness these wild sports of brutal character. Not only brute beasts to worry and murder each other, but many times Roman convicts were torn to pieces, mangled and dying to gratify the Roman populace. During the reign of the notorious Nero many Christians suffered martyrdom by wild beasts in this bloody arena; a dark record of crimson crimes; a tragedy of mangled, dying Christians; a pastime show for pagans. But now this once colossal pile is left in silent ruins, save for the weird whisperings from the dust and debris of departed centuries, saying, "We sowed the wind, and reaped the whirlwind."

Still we lingered in Rome. On Sunday evening, our last in Rome, we took a sunset walk. Mills and I went beyond the city limits, returning by the Tiber, in somber, meditative mood. Somehow these surroundings brought up or generated strange feelings and reflections, remembering the past, viewing the present, scanning the future and final destiny of all. Oh, how thinking and thoughts take us away! Here in this city, close by this rolling Tiber, the Cæsars reigned in revelry, pomp, and purple; here many Christian martyrs died in bloody gore, making Tiber's waves crimson, evidencing their faithfulness to Christ against pagan mythology, licentiousness, and general corruption.

Monday morning we left the Eternal City, having spent two days and three nights in these old, historic precincts, gathering some knowledge of past ages and present decay. Like a shattered column or a battered castle, there is sublime grandeur in her ruins. We are now off for Naples and old Pompeii, also burning Vesuvius. Nine A.M., farewell to Rome, whirling away by the arches of the old Roman aqueduct, which the emperors built to carry water twenty miles to water the city, but which is now in ragged, rocky ruins. Naples is one hundred and fifty-six miles from Rome. On these sunshiny plains through which we are passing there are men in the harvest-fields cutting the grain with the old, antiquated reap-hook or sickle of two hundred years ago. A large corps of women and children follow these, bundling and shocking the wheat and barley. White oxen are tethered in the vacant places. We

saw only one American harvester in this trip of three thousand miles. By two o'clock we have a view of the Bay of Naples, an arm of the Mediterranean Sea. The city now expands before us, gradually and grandly, starting from water level, rising higher and higher in majestic sweep around the bay. A panoramic view from Naples is here presented to the traveler; towns and hamlets are hugging the shore, with intervening groves and decorations of flowers and shrubbery, smoking Vesuvius in the distance, and lava-buried towns, including Herculaneum and excavated Pompeii, these being the objects that now demanded our attention. We now board the train for the Swiss Hotel, fifteen miles distant from Naples. This hotel is close by old Pompeii and is quarters for tourists going to the summit of the burning mountain. We had expected to lunch at this hotel, having eaten only ten cents' worth of cherries since leaving Rome; but as there was a company just starting for the summit of Vesuvius, we paid our tribute of ten dollars and forty cents, the landlord saying this amount covered the entire expense of the trip up and down, and joined the cavalcade and cheered for the summit. We were taken in two-horse hacks as far as Champa, some five miles, then some skeleton ponies were brought out and saddled for our onward journey. While we were waiting at this caravansary for horses, a specimen of the feminine persuasion came out of an anteroom, having doubtless been so instructed, and, scanning our numbers, she seemed to take special interest in my towering altitude. With snaky eyes (of course

my modest nature suffered embarrassment under such scrutiny) she then proceeded to pour out from a dirty pitcher glasses of beer corresponding to our number, which we universally declined. We concluded fasting better for sanitary purposes than eating such cakes as presented and swallowing doubtful mixtures of supposititious beer. This feminine number was characteristic of the general complexion of the town. A miniature soap factory could, and ought to be established for the sanitary benefit of such very doubtful humanity. With our poor ponies it was slow going, and we were compelled, after having exhausted our limited supply of moral suasion, to resort to drastic measures in order to reasonable progress on our journey. Then, added to the annoyance of the situation, was the persistent determination of the street arabs of Champa to play some menial part in the comedy of this march. As a pretext for generous tipping, in getting on and off they would crowd up to hold the stirrups, then take forcible possession of the halters of our riding gear. Some of them with more gall than clean clothes would swing onto the tails of our insufficient horses. We at first mildly protested against this superfluity of attention till tired of it. Finally raising my walking stick in the attitude of battle over the head of the boy who was voluntarily leading my horse, he let go instantly, falling beside the pathway, his eyes sticking out in utter amazement at what he doubtless thought American stupidity or audacity, I never took the pains to inquire which. At least, he quit me as a hopeless case. In the meantime, Mills concluded

that the chap holding to his horse's tail was altogether a useless appendage, and jumped off his pony, with hair erect and eyes blazing with Mars-like animation, using words more voluminous than elegant, mixing semi-expletives fragrant with sulphurous import, on the pate of this swarthy son of Vesuvius. His fast-accumulating wrath was not only directed against him, but the Italian nation in general. After these wrathful demonstrations on our part, we went on in peace, finally reaching the tramway leading up towards the crater. Then our guide coolly informed us that he was not permitted to go any farther, so we boarded the car that runs upwards perhaps half a mile to the government station. Here we were again informed that we could go no farther without employing another guide—Italian extortion and speculation on tourists. Of course, we protested with American emphasis against such swindling. Mills went into the government office to examine official documents. When he came out I said to him, "Come on; we have climbed higher mountains in Colorado without guides." At this juncture in the drama, government soldiers came on the scene with revolvers and glittering swords, one of the trio having the supreme audacity to lay his detaining hands on me. Just think of this stupendous presumption! Me, a citizen of the United States of America, a prominent man of Colorado, belonging to a heritage that has been conspicuous in history from Charles Lamb down through decades of glorious record till now. In the name of the sons of Anak we protested, but finally were compelled to yield to

Italian domination or give up going to the summit, being six thousand miles from home and not having the Stars and Stripes to wave with eagle's wings over us. We paid our extra seven francs to another guide and went on to the burning summit.

ON THE SUMMIT INFERNO.

We stand and gaze with interest sublime. Who sets the mountains on fire? Sulphurous fires beneath, reveling, generating gases, dissolving stone and earth to liquid flames, unseen chambers of power, of Vulcan's directions, constantly throwing up red-hot stones blended with stifling gases, compelling one to think of the domain of fires eternal. This upheaval of red-hot stones, sulphurous ashes and cinders transpires every five minutes, regular as clockwork. Those materialists who are disposed to call in question the Biblical idea of a lake of fire ought to be tied to one of these rocks near the crater for some hours. It certainly would be convincing. The earth trembled as here we stood on the brink of this yawning crater. It seemed a veritable hell, a lake of fire and brimstone, the smoke issuing from underneath projecting rocks and little fissures connecting with the fires below. So hot was this steamy smoke that one could bear the hand in contact with it only for a short time. It is my opinion that there is a surging sea of fire underneath and all around the Bay of Naples. From the summit we had an intelligent, wide-sweeping view of the devastation wrought by this monster fire demon in 79 of the Christian era, when, in two days, five towns and

two cities were buried, wiped out of existence, the main ones being Pompeii and Herculaneum. In awful evidence of this fiery cataclysm of destruction we see long stretches of black lava extending over this field of wrath from the summit down to the bay, where lies the city of Herculaneum, buried a hundred feet underneath, and what seems supremely strange, the inhabitants are oblivious of danger, like hardened sinners in the very purlieus of perdition.

On our return trip, when we were about ready to leave Champa, our guide not only expected, but demanded big tipping for his services, notwithstanding we had already paid twice, so we informed him that we would not submit to such unrighteous swindling; but he was as persistent as a bulldog, and climbed up on the wheel of our hack, gesticulating in a threatening manner. We ordered our driver to move on. He hesitated, looking back to our guide, for they all stand in together to fleece tourists. I was with Mills on the back seat, and, getting tired of this blackmailing, I rose up from my seat and, waving my cane in a threatening manner, told the driver to move on, as we had no time or disposition for controversy on financial problems. He took me at my word, starting the horses at once. It was 9:00 P. M. when we reached our hotel, and having had only the above-mentioned cherries to eat since leaving Rome, and having enjoyed the luxuries of several controversies, besides the fasting, we were in a vigorous mood for supper.

Mills, a New York gentleman, and myself took possession of one table upon which reposed a cold

chicken well roasted, beef sliced up invitingly, and a bottle of wine. All this concentration, with an amazing amount of coffee, soon disappeared to appease the voracity of hungry Americans.

After a night's rest and a good Swiss-made breakfast, we were ready to take in old Pompeii, which has been excavated by the government after lying buried for eighteen centuries in pathetic silence. Vineyards have been planted and were growing over these ruins. We bought our tickets, the government furnishing a guide. The streets are plainly designated at right angles and curving; the houses are nearly all intact; the streets have been paved with very hard rock (what we call nigger-head); the footway is generally fifteen inches higher than the carriage way. The Temple of Jupiter stands out conspicuous, dedicated to one of the prominent deities of heathen mythology, to which the Pompeians paid worshipful homage. We paid a visit to the house and home of the historian Sallust, which is in a good state of preservation, furniture still decorating the rooms, silent sentinels of their owner's wealth and knowledge for centuries. There are also paintings upon the walls, bright and beautiful, evidencing æsthetic taste. These rare paintings are bright, only a little marred on the margins. The signs of luxurious living are indicated by these surroundings, but he and his affluent family reveling in health and wealth were victims of this wrathful tragedy, as well as the day-laborers. These ancient people must have been very fastidious in reference to bathing, as their bath-houses and fixtures for this purpose were quite

elaborate, both for the hot and cold bath, for sprinkling and for the luxurious plunge. We next went to the wine-rooms, which are prominent way-marks of these dissolute times. A large handmill was in front, where the servants ground the grain to make the bread for the revelers within. In the front facing the streets there were signs sufficiently plain to direct even strangers to these dens of doubtful luxuries. These signs would make a votary of modern civilization blush. In the first large room was the bar and a huge stone reservoir for containing wine, having a capacity of from fifteen to twenty gallons. Here the reveling crowd gambled, danced, and drank wine till their sensuous nature was inflamed for further derelictions in vice and immorality. On each side of the main hall leading from the wine-room were the private rooms decorated with obscene paintings and emblazoned with every device conceivable to any vicious mind. Life's conventional rules forbid further expositions along these lines. What is very strange to modern painters is that these paintings and pictures have stood the test of centuries. Time's ravages in other departments have made no perceptible change in the brightness of these infamous paintings. The artful genius who originated such indelible combinations would seem to deserve immortality, but this, like many other artful inventions, is prostituted for vile purposes. So this art is applied in these precincts to fascinate, entrap, and destroy,—galvanized sins and splendid vices decorated with vermilion. These ruins compel moralizing. Looking back eighteen hundred years, we see a

jostling crowd passing up and down the streets in eager pursuit of pleasure, pastime, and profit; the man of business to his store, office, or shop; then there is a gay party, rollicking, laughing, sparring at each other with humorous flings; and there goes another party riding out for pleasure in gilded chariots and fine tapestry of rich display. Some are going to the circus, others to Jupiter's temple to burn incense to fictitious divinities, but a large percentage of these crowds are going to the wine-rooms to feed and satiate sensuality. Such were the characteristics and employments of these people, but now it is a dead, desolate city, save for transient travelers passing through. Good-by, old Pompeii, we shall never see you any more.

On our return trip to Naples, we were compelled to wait till 3:00 P.M. for the train for Rome. This gave several hours to prospect the city, which we did with energy and interest. Our train for Rome whistling an invitation, we boarded her and were off at once. Reaching there before night, we got a good supper at the depot without going to the city, preparing for an all-night travel, Geneva, Switzerland, being our next objective point. At 8:00 P.M., good-by, old Rome, we are leaving you forever in the background. May the king reign, popery wane, is our prayer. This night-traveling prevents any one from having an intelligent view of the country through which he is passing. We had a brief view of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. It is stated upon authority that this singular tower has an incline of thirteen feet from perpendicular. Why it thus leans

towards earth's center, no one seems to know or care; whether so built or oscillated by earthquake shock. If it were in America, some fool or scientist would give a philosophic hypothesis of this leaning phenomenon, even if it missed the truth of the matter by a hundred leagues. Genoa, the next place of much importance, is three hundred miles from Rome. An old place of many historic events that must be intelligible to those conversant with past history; therefore I will not go into details. After leaving Genoa, our train gradually commenced climbing the Alpine mountains—the evergreen scenery of the land and home of William Tell of historic fame. After gaining high altitude above the plains of Italy, we entered the Mount Cenis tunnel, which is seven and one-half miles long, bored through solid granite. Such work compels our faith and wonder at man's capacity in engineering skill in overcoming difficulties and surmounting obstacles in nature's realm. After we had passed through this subterranean corridor, we commenced descending, finally stopping at a picturesque Swiss town surrounded by fine mountain scenery in every direction. Evergreen forests decorated with intervening lakes sparkling in the sunlight, dashing, splashing waterfalls thrown in for measures of greater attraction. No wonder to my mind that those who are born and brought up amidst this scenery of the everlasting hills become fascinatingly attached to their hearths and homes. Here we changed cars for Geneva, but there was no one to talk English to give us necessary information, and there being many railroad tracks and trains it was embar-

rassing and decidedly inconvenient. However, we got into different cars, determined to go off somewhere. Finally the conductor came on the scene and examined our booklet of tickets, then motioned us to a Geneva train. We then rumbled and rolled on through Alpine scenery, rich in fragrance and beauty. We stopped at another town for evening lunch, and, after a hearty meal, I offered some Italian change. The waiter shook his head with emphasis. Then I presented an American bill; he still shook his head negatively. My train whistling time to start, I picked up my mackintosh and started for my train, for it was altogether unreasonable to suppose that I could manufacture Swiss coin for these very fastidious mountaineers. But the waiter followed me with earnest step, indicating that he would compromise. I handed him Italian change in abundance. He kept about two portions for my supper. French money goes anywhere in Europe, but Italian money does not pass current out of its own domain. I don't know why this difference. Our U. S. A. greenbacks were taken anywhere without protest, a little discount only. At 11:00 P.M. we are in Geneva; a bus carries us to a first-class hotel. We immediately retired for rest, not having slept since leaving the Swiss Hotel, down by Vesuvius.

After a good night's rest in the most luxuriously furnished bedroom we had ever seen, we are greeted with a beautiful sunrise over the city and Lake Leman, with just enough Alpine breeze to cause the crystal waters of the lake to ripple and shimmer in poetic beauty and attraction. Nature's decorations

blended with man's artistic taste, mechanical genius, and the refining influences of an enlightened civilization, governed by Christian principles, make Geneva one of the world's best cities in which to live. Fine mansions and parks adorned with shrubbery and rich in flowers. The city circling around the end of the lake is attractive, pleasant, and certainly healthful. The breeze off the lake, the fragrance of pine, and the inspiring influence of the towering, sweeping mountain ranges encircling the lake conspire to impress and please the mind. We wander through her streets by Calvin's old church, where predestinarian dogmas were generated, then to the city museum and other venerated landmarks of interest to all who are conversant with Switzerland's history. Swiss patriotism and their sterling sense of freedom in church and state have immortalized their little republic—a model government. We went many times to their musicales, which generally convened in the city parks. This Swiss music sounded out over the lake with bewitching cadences, and will linger always in memory's dream while this transient life is passing, and maybe its reflex influence will be felt within the vale of eternal ages when this life's fitful fever is over, for music is of heaven and eternal life. We took a steamboat ride on the lake, stopping off at places of interest, drinking in the scenic beauty. The mountain ranges in the background stand out in awful grandeur as silent guards of the Swiss Republic. Sailing back to the city just at sunset, we were well pleased with the afternoon's ride. We find by experience and association that the

people are kind, courteous, and intelligent, excelling many others in these amenities of civilization. But, oh, the sad thought! We must bid adieu to these things, these bewitching scenes, perhaps forever. How pathetic, if not sorrowful, that in life's march we come in contact with persons and places, generating attachments of real affection that must be severed by time, distance, disease, and death; but the heart and mind must be braced for these changes. There are gladness and sorrow and sunshine along life's pathway, then overshadowing clouds, a varied experience. Farewell to Geneva.

"O Geneva, thou art beautiful. A gem of witchery and charm. Inspiring and fascinating with mystic influences upon and over all who have the privilege of sojourning there to walk thy streets, to linger around thy lake shores, to see and inhale the sweet scent of thy flowers."

These scenes will remain a sweet souvenir, lingering on memory's sacred page.

On the first day of July, we leave for Paris, desiring to be there on our national day, July the Fourth. When coming to the boundary line between the two republics of France and Switzerland, we were ordered from our cars by the government officials to inspect baggage. While they were overhauling trunks and rummaging valises, Mills and I were walking up and down the halls of examination with the important air of American millionaires, but our pomposity was lowered several degrees when these officials gazed upon our meager appendages. We were just carrying cheap mackintosh coats on our

arms, our effects being left in Paris, and they seemed to conclude that we were common mendicants, not being worthy of official examination. We are now rolling over the plains, the field of war and strife where the Saracenic Mohammedan host of three hundred thousand under the command of a noted chieftain, Abderame, were on the march to subjugate Europe to Mohammedan supremacy. The immortal, heroic Charles Martel, with his Franks and German allies, met this army of fanatics on the plains of Châlons, where a severe battle was fought, raging for several days, with hopes and fears alternating between the cross and crescent. Six days of strife, but on the seventh day the tide of battle turned in favor of Martel and his victorious defenders. The enemy was routed and defeated with overwhelming loss. Thus Europe was saved from the blight and curse of Mohammedanism, the abomination that maketh desolate. This was one of the important battles in the world's history, for upon its decision hinged the future welfare of untold millions, their status of religious liberty in church and state or despotic rule and dire oppression, as is fully evidenced by Turkish rule.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In Paris again, having traveled over three thousand miles since leaving here, without a single mishap or delay. We have two more days to spend on the Exposition grounds, sightseeing, before American day. We visited the tomb of Napoleon, where he sleeps that dreamless sleep. No clash of arms nor cannon's roar disturbs him more. Some writer says that when Napoleon drew his sword all the thrones of Europe oscillated. But he reached the climax of his unhallowed ambition for military power and transient glory on Waterloo's bloody field; his star went down to rise no more in victory on the field of Mars; he was doomed to exile and the weird music of ocean's waves beating on the lonely shores of St. Helena's rockbound coast. Perhaps he never read, "Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." Notwithstanding that, he caused more sacrifice of men and exhausted more treasure than any other man in France, he was, and is yet honored by his fellow-countrymen; in fact, is almost worshiped, and sleeps in the costliest fine marble tomb in the world, costing over one million dollars; but Jesus Christ, who devoted his life to save men, slept in a borrowed tomb. Such is the world's perverted judgment in honoring the god of destruction and almost ignoring the Author of man's salvation.

We now pass along the street of all nations, where can be seen in panoramic view the progressive stages of improvement from crude mechanism up to fine, artistic taste and mechanical perfection. In many respects it would seem by these exhibits that man had reached his climax, a final period, but who can tell? Here is represented the world's genius in the productions and combinations of all things in every department of improvements for the world's betterment, and with these advancing features and factors of progress, the graces of the Christian system have reached a high type of perfection in general advancement of goodness and righteousness, denouncing evil and disseminating light, extolling virtue and condemning vice. Such are the tenets of the Christian system. But now I ask the question, "What power, what cause or agent has opened the Pandora box and let loose a stream of immorality, vice, and transgression that more than duplicates the immoral practices and dishonesty of heathen tribes and nations, as is fully evidenced by contrasting observation?" Our gilded sins and galvanized vices and black crimes are strange accompaniments of a boasting civilization, and yet Christianity is the light of the world and the brightest hope for universal enlightenment and uplifting the world has ever known. Seemingly there is a darker curse or condemnation overshadowing neglected light or rejected truth than for those who never enjoyed these proffered blessings.

July 4, 1900, will ever be a great day, memorable in time's calendar for Americans because of the two important facts of history. First, one hundred and

twenty-four years ago our forefathers, having the courage of their convictions, declared a protest against King George's oppressive measures of high taxation without representation, having this eternal principle as their keynote, that all men are born free and equal, with certain inalienable rights, among these life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Upon this foundation the Declaration of Independence was generated and rung out, and its refrain has ever since been sounding around the world. This fact originated our nation, our republican government. The second historic fact is that the colonies were fighting against fearful odds, King George's troops being well equipped, while our soldiers were scantily supplied. At this crisis the French nation manifested their sympathy for our struggling army by giving us tangible assistance. Rochambeau, De Kalb, and Lafayette are names enshrined in American hearts, and which we delight to honor. Our American national day was commemorated near the Louvre. Upon the high platform were many prominent Americans, the French President and many other characters belonging to his retinue. The songs and orations were calculated to inspire and stir up patriotic feelings in both the French and the Americans. The flags of both nations were wreathed together, and when "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" were played by a select band for the occasion, some ten thousand Americans cheered with vociferations loud enough to alarm despotic monarchies and oppressive rulers. The French united their voices in this jubilation, waving flags

and shouting, but when the "Marseillaise" was being played and sung, and the canvas was lifted from the Lafayette equestrian statue, there arose a chorus that sounded through the corridors and halls of the Louvre and all over Paris. These kindly acts in memory of past sympathy and assistance serve to cement that feeling of brotherhood that should characterize all nations of earth.

With two very pleasant gentlemen from Washington, D. C., we enjoyed a social time by taking a steamboat ride on the historic Seine, stopping long enough to see and inspect the old and much-venerated church, Notre Dame, the oldest in Paris, voluminous with confessions and supposititious ablutions. Somehow these old way-marks of the past generate strange feelings, somber sadness, mingling with joy and gladness. This cathedral, in connection with many other massive mansions, is built on an island, the Seine rippling by on both sides, with the whispering cadence of long ago. Under the starlight, with whispering winds, we passed around these antiquated structures (the first buildings of Paris), then boarded our steamboat and were soon carried to our landing near our hotel. We then retired to sleep and dream of dear ones and the home land across the waters.

On the evening of July 4 we paid our bills for hotel lodging, tipping waiters and servants with francs in profusion. By the way, this tipping is a European nuisance, a source of annoyance to Americans. We bade farewell to the wonderful Paris Exposition. Our train brought us to Dieppe, our port of departure on the channel for England. Just

at midnight we launched forth on this always stormy arm of the ocean. It was stormy and cold, and having no fire or any other comforts made this the most disagreeable of any section in all of our fifteen thousand miles of travel. It was cold, drizzly, and misty. We were made glad just at the dawn of day by the sight of England's white chalk landmarks.

Landing at New Haven, we found our train for London Bridge. Three hours' travel brings us to the world's metropolis, our buses carrying us to the Great Western Hotel, where they are feeding, sleeping, and charging a thousand guests. We are yet entitled to three days' board and lodging, as per Cook's tickets. While Mills makes a short run up to Scotland and the English lakes, it gives me the opportunity of strolling over London several days, visiting noted places of interest again. I devoted a good deal of time to the examination of curios and antiquities of the British Museum. Sunday morning I went to religious services in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Bishop of London holding forth that day for the benefit of their arms in South Africa. As they had not been successful, it was rather amusing to hear the bishop inform the Lord of hosts of the critical condition of the situation down there in Africa, where they were trying to do their Christian duty by whipping republican Boers into subjection to a monarchical government. He took pains to instruct the Lord in regard to what they wanted and had a right to expect from him for their Christian nation. Not many preachers or churches have such supreme courtesy as to impart such specific informa-

tion to the Lord of armies when praying for success. I wonder if that was the reason that Kitchener and Lord Roberts succeeded in whipping the poor Boers.

Mills now returned, then one more day in prospecting over London will finish our career on a foreign shore. The Parliament buildings and London Tower monopolized all that last day.

On the morning of July 14, the train from Waterloo Station carried us down to Southampton, so it 's farewell to London and our English cousins. We have enjoyed many days of happiness and interest among you, leaving England with kindlier feelings than we ever had before. Observation, contact, and experience serve to eliminate unfounded prejudices.

By one o'clock we are aboard the *St. Louis,* an exact duplicate of the *St. Paul,* that brought us over from New York, both fast sailors of the greyhound persuasion. We go to the port of Cherbourg, France, to take fifty more passengers on board before starting for New York. Nothing sensational transpired till the third day out, then we enjoyed the luxury of a half gale, the huge waves striking our vessel quartering, causing her to lurch from perpendicular at least six or seven feet. We rather enjoyed this rocking, as we went abroad for the express purpose of seeing, hearing, and feeling something new.

One feature of humanity I must not overlook. While the vessel was thus lurching, and glasses and cups fell from their shelves and moorings, a number of young people, having arranged for a cotillion on deck, did not purpose being disappointed simply because old Neptune was manifesting an unpleasant

disposition. The musicians ground out, proceeding with their music just the same as in the calm and sunshine, while the nimble feet of ladies and gentlemen whirled in the giddy dance, smiles and inexplicable affinity blending with music's charms. They were seemingly oblivious of the fact that there was a watery entombment three miles deep beneath their nimble feet. While the study of human nature in its diversity and complexity of conduct has been an absorbing theme to my mind, and has always demanded my attention, both in time and investigation, I am compelled to make this conclusion, that there are heights and depths pertaining to human nature under many circumstances and surroundings that are unsolvable to the best minds of investigation. Even the wise man of ancient times said that there were some things too high for him to solve. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

It was cool in mid-ocean all the way. Saturday, the 21st, we anchored in New York Harbor. We went at once to the Mills Hotel, where we engaged lodgings, thinking then of staying a week, but it was so intensely warm and uncomfortable that we soon changed our minds, only staying from Saturday till Monday evening. Sunday, I went to church on Broadway. The pastor held forth from these words, "Be still, and know that I am God." I gave my shekel for a contribution, and I have used this text in Estes Park since that memorable hot Sunday. Monday evening we boarded the train for Buffalo, passing through many historic places. We got to

Buffalo at foggy daylight. Here Mills and I parted, he taking the Lake Shore route, while I took the Northern Canadian route, crossing back into our republic at Detroit. The trip through Canada to me was not very interesting, the country being too flat, and monotonous. Give me mountain ranges in wild grandeur, stormy oceans, expansive plains, thunder's roll, and warring elements. It was something new to travel through Canada's domain, but I would not live there for four sections of her gloomy forests. When our train was ferried across the Detroit River it was so drizzly, dark, and somberlike that one naturally fell into a pessimistic mood, but thoughts of home and the prospect of meeting the dear ones there dispelled the gloom and served to brighten the onward journey, for

> "When the weary traveler
> Gains the height of some commanding hill,
> His heart revives if o'er the plains
> He sees his home, though distant still."

Eight o'clock P.M., we are in the city of Chicago, not having slept nor taken a square meal since leaving New York. I went directly to the lunch-room of the Union Depot and ordered an elaborate quantity of good things, including three cups of coffee. I then gave the colored porter ample directions in reference to putting up my lunch for Denver City, advising him to be generous, even magnanimous, telling him that he would sleep better and have more pleasant dreams by the exercise of generous principles; but in giving this free lecture to the son of Ham, I left my walking-stick by the counter, the stick that I had

carried all over Europe. When I went back to get it the gates were all closed, and as I could not bribe any one to let me through, I lost my dollar cane, the price of my lecture to the astonished porter.

We left Chicago at 11:00 P.M., took breakfast in Lincoln City, then rolled onward across the plains, not sleeping a wink from New York to Denver. Wife met me in Denver, and in fifteen minutes we were on the train for Central City, to visit our only daughter, Jennie Galbraith and family, finding them all well. We all enjoyed this reunion very much, staying with them from Saturday evening till Monday morning. Myself, wife, and grandson Donald went down in a mining shaft, over six hundred feet, our first experience in underground travel.

Monday morning we bade farewell to them, going back to Denver, where we stopped one day and night with my youngest son. In the meantime, we visited the State-house, city park, and many other prominent places. Next day, the first of August, 1900, we came on to our mountain home in Estes Park, having been gone sixty-eight days, traveling over fifteen thousand miles by sea and land, by railroad, steamship, omnibus, carriage, and cart, crossing the Atlantic Ocean and English Channel twice, not being sick one minute, not meeting with a single accident or any unnecessary stoppage in all this diversity of travel, for which we have always felt thankful, remembering Providential care. This trip cost us over six hundred dollars, but as an educator in seeing, hearing, and experiencing, not obtainable from books or any other common modes of instruction, to us it

was worth more than a thousand dollars. Traveling abroad and coming in contact with other peoples, places, and customs, eliminates narrow prejudices, elevates above the grooves of stereotyped education and tradition; traveling widens the horizon of all who travel with ears and eyes open and with receptive minds.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Home Ministrations.

Since August 1, 1900, I have been preaching regularly during the summer and fall season to our Estes Park people, and also to the many visitors who come to this inviting resort to spend their summer vacations, for there are many inviting features in this mountain gem. Earth's weary, wayworn pilgrims, men and women, get tired of life's weary round, whether in office, store, or shop, the wife of her household duties and children's care, then the longing desire comes to each and all for a change in surroundings, in scenery and associations. Here in these mountain retreats this boon is found, nature's demands for reconstruction and enjoyment are met and, to a great extent, satisfied. Here in primitive nature's evergreen realm of towering mountains, silvery streams, dells, vales, flowers, and life's mysterious new enjoyments and amenities. By coming in contact with human diversity from many States and nations, I very much enjoy these diversities in my congregations, and, without vanity and in humility of spirit, I have reasons to believe that my efforts are appreciated. During a period of five years before my trip to Europe, and five years since, I have been at work, and am still in the harness, with hopes of eternal life. I shall try to remain, by the

grace of God upholding. As intimated above many times, I have been the recipient of unmerited favors from individuals at times and places unexpected, and as I don't want to be unmindful of God's kind providence in moving humanity to deeds of generous charity in our behalf, I feel it to be my duty in these memoirs to relate some of these special ministrations that have come to us in times of financial stress when none other but ourselves and God knew the pressure of the circumstances by which we were surrounded. One day, while at home, a stranger came riding up to our house. After passing the compliments of the day on the weather and evergreen surroundings, I insisted on his coming in, but he declined, saying he had not the time. He then remarked, "We have been out to your services many times, and we like your manner and style of preaching, and want to do something for the cause." With this expression he handed me fifty dollars in new greenbacks. I had never before this interview enjoyed a word of conversation with him. I afterwards learned that he was a millionaire of St. Louis and his name was H. Knight, but, notwithstanding that dark name, his kindly act scattered my financial darkness, disseminating light in our pilgrim pathway, and we sincerely hope and pray that this millionaire Knight will enjoy an eternal day where greenbacks are not needed as currency because of the great abundance of the gold of the kingdom, the streets shining in splendor, never growing dim with time's corroding, nor depreciating by the rise and fall of stocks in heaven's bank; the officiary of that eternal institution

never absconds with the investments of the confiding worthy poor.

One more instance along this line: In August, 1904, a Mr. Garner, of Denver City, a gentleman by birth, an Episcopalian by profession, assumed an active part in our behalf in arranging a musicale. A large crowd responded, who seemed to enjoy, righteously, the sacred songs and declamations of the occasion, contributing generously. The amount received was surprising, being one hundred and seventy dollars in currency, besides side presents, bringing the benefit up to over two hundred dollars. This Brother Garner certainly excels as a financial agent; with his tactics in money-raising he could pay off State debts and soon have a surplus in the treasury. We trust that he will be as successful in garnering treasures in heaven, where moths do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. Many others, including Sisters Blair, Chapin, and Mrs. Adams, helped along these generous lines. Their names are not only enstamped on memory's sacred page, but are also recorded in the Lamb's book of life. All have our heartfelt thanks.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but tendeth to poverty; there is he who maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is he who maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches. This great fact has been evidenced to my satisfaction by observation and experience. We must sow if we expect to reap; we must give if we expect to receive; the Lord loves a cheerful giver.

Last fall a gentleman handed me a note on the highway that startled me as much as would thunder from a clear sky. The note to me read, "Your son Lawrence died yesterday at ten o'clock." I had been in Collins a few days previous. Lawrence was then in good health, and, being in the prime of life, made this news inexplicably strange. My last night of conversation with him was on religious matters, especially in regard to the Christian ministry. He had been preaching only two years, but was thus taken from his companion and five boys and from his work and mission in the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he was much liked and needed from this human standpoint of necessity. He was summoned from time and earthly associations to eternity to join the immortal hosts in the sweet by and by. Oh, how unsearchable are God's ways and righteous judgments to us finite mortals. But Lawrence has gone from us to the home over there, where the shadows never fall. The Methodist Church and ministers, and especially Brother Woodford, did the departed one great honor in eulogizing his faithfulness and generosity along Christian lines. His remarks were not overdrawn, for, with due modesty, I must say that Lawrence was a good boy always; especially was he devoted in his ministry, sincere, earnest, and anxious for the cause of righteousness. He went down into the dark tomb under a wilderness of flowers, tears of sympathy, and expressions of regret because of his untimely departure from those he loved and the loving ones. Oh, how hard it seems to bow our heads in submission to these mysterious dispen-

sations through which we must pass. Yet we believe, when the mists of time have rolled away and the light of eternity is permitted to shine on these scenes, it will be plain to our comprehension. Perhaps it is best for us that God's wisdom and providence conceal many things from us in reference to the past, present, and future events. No doubt submission to his will, without calling his providence in question, is best for us. We can have and retain the hope of meeting again beyond the river, where the surges of sorrow never roll.

But the most severe trial of our lives followed the departure of Lawrence in a short time. The news of the tragic death of our daughter Jennie and little grandson Donald, by the hand of the unnatural husband and father, who became dissipated and maddened by drink and took the lives of his wife and son. There were never cross words between them, he having always evidenced kindliness and true affection for both wife and son. But sin's hideous mien indulged in leads away from all that is good, debases, darkens, and finally damns all who persist in that unhallowed course. Sin indulged in blinds mortal sense, hardens conscience, and so stultifies the finer feelings of human nature that man becomes a demon, callous to affection, void of sympathy and regard for future consequences. Oh, what crimes and dark deeds are generated by persistent transgression in the broad way that ultimates in eternal ruin for soul and body—an awful destiny. But our Jennie and darling grandson Donald are gone from the joys and sorrows of this life, leaving us under dark shadows

not to be removed while the years of this existence continue. The remembrance of that inhuman, uncalled-for tragedy will linger like a forbidden skeleton on memory's page till we pass the boundary line. We are compelled to say farewell to our loved ones. They sleep side by side in Grandview Cemetery, the winds of heaven moaning their sad music and the sun shining on the mounds where their beauty sleeps. But we confidently expect to meet and greet them over there, where the clouds never cast their shadows across the pathway of eternal life; there in that bright and better land will be no aching heads nor sorrowing hearts. After life's fitful fever they sleep well. In less than one year three of our brightest and best were taken from us; their living, loving smile was the sunlight of our existence, and their pure spirits and immortal hands seem to beckon us to that better clime, where death never separates us from those we love. But the sad heart, the falling tear, the irrepressible sorrow for the one who perpetrated that dark, tragic, inexcusable crime brings no relief to the mother's heart for the loss of her only girl and baby child, and the deep regrets for the loved ones gone and for him who could be so blinded to every feeling of human affection, who let the baser passions dominate every other consideration.

It seems possible for one who takes this downward trend to gain this terrible victory. There are mysterious phases in the drama of this life. There are trials and experiences to which the mind cannot be reconciled, and only submissive because the tragic circumstances compel the inevitable. While I have

related to some extent our feelings of sorrow over these scenes of experience, I have only touched the minor key, for there are heights and depths of thought and impressions and immortal immensities that language is too lame to express; in fact, some thoughts are too sacred to reveal. While the stream of life flows onward, only a tiny portion is revealed; the rest passes on to the sea of vast eternity, unguessed, unsuspected, reaching out and on, trying to turn aside the veil that hides the future from us. But all must wait till the mists of time are rolled away, till the light of eternity is flashed upon the scene.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Many times have I been above the clouds on the summit of Colorado's mountain peaks in the clear sunshine, the surrounding scenery grand and beautiful, while beneath dark clouds overshadowed the vale and thunders rolled, lightnings flashed, and a storm was raging beneath my feet, and I was enjoying the calm and sunshine above the raging elements. Then, by faith in God's promises, eternal power and perfection, mount to the summit of the everlasting hills, where the breeze from the shores of eternity dispels the mists of doubt and fears, inspiring the heart, bracing the mind, and brightening the evidence for eternal verities; taking a view of life's changing scenes and diversities of experience, and asking

the question, "Why the necessity for this constant change?"

Some one has said: "In the drama of life all are actors, but no one knows his part in the great play. The scenes are shifted by unseen forces; one by one the actors leave the stage; there is no panic; others take their places, and the play goes on. No prompter's voice is heard; no one knows what the next act will be." The mysterious secret of coming events is beyond the guessing or investigation of human ken. Question: Will the drama have an end? Will the curtain fall at last, and will it rise again upon some other stage where life is not a dream? Agnosticism says, "I don't know." Intelligent, religious faith answers in the affirmative, "When the mists have rolled away, we shall take our place and part in brighter, better acts of an eternal day."

On the first day of last January, 1906, I passed my seventy-fourth milestone in marching on through life's pilgrimage. This period makes me realize that I am now on the line of alloted time for mortal man, and, according to nature's eternal fiat, I must soon know more of the grand secret that has demanded the attention and commanded the interest of the good and great of all ages from time's morning down through the centuries, and is yet a living problem. Without the experience beyond the vale there are profound secrets and sensations that we cannot know, and those who pass over from us never return to tell us about these great mysteries. These lines seem appropriate in my present case:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My victory is begun."

And yet, through and by a kind Providence, I have been wonderfully sustained for the past two years, having the strength for physical exertion in all needed departments, and, with my wife accompanying me, have gone to and from church every Sabbath during the summer and fall seasons, preaching to the people. This involves some time for preparation to meet these demands and duties, besides the luxury of fourteen miles' travel over a steep and rough mountain road, but we thank God for the strength and the privilege of these pleasant duties. Then, in connection with these duties, there are other encouraging features not to be overlooked or forgotten. At our Sunday collections the amount most certainly indicates a generous spirit of appreciation for our feeble efforts. Say what we may against filthy lucre, a minister, as well as others, must have shekels to keep him going, but words encouraging strengthen the heart and brace the mind more than shekels. Then, aside from these collections, a number of times we have been the recipients of from one up to five, even ten dollars. We never forget or overlook the hand of God through these benevolent channels of kindly consideration. There is one more incident along this line I must mention. I was badly needing one hundred and four dollars to meet my financial obligations, but I told no one of the circumstances, going forward in the line of duty.

After preaching, I looked over the collection. There was eight dollars and forty cents, but a little envelope confronted me, demanding my attention and investigation. Well, I opened the appealing missive and, behold, there was a one-hundred-dollar check. Surprised!—I guess I was. I will not say that it took my breath away; but it certainly required two efforts to gain normality in the breathing department of my material make-up. The lady who generously contributed this check lives in the Park, the consort of a well-to-do "auto" husband, a millionaire. Their name is both historic and poetic, and, while they live in the finest finished and best furnished mansion in the Park, we hope and pray that their lives will so comport with purity, peace, and righteousness, both towards God and man, that when the battle of this world and life is fought, they (Stanleys) may pass through the gates of pearl with the myriad hosts to enter the bright mansions of eternal glory and everlasting life. These mansions, outshining, outlasting all earthly structures, eternally shall stand.

CHAPTER XXV.

Not asking or expecting a marble slab or bronze monument to mark my last resting-place, I must, and will, before closing this memoir, give my tangible reasons and my earnest plea for the Christian religion; for, after having devoted more than thirty-four years of my time to the primal purpose of the ministry, it would seem reasonable and not at all inappropriate for the unacquainted and the stranger to ask the question, "Why have you devoted so much time and attention to the ministry; to these things which are mostly invisible, at the sacrifice of time's pleasure, with worldly loss and financial interests all left mainly in the background?"

Now, I am willing, even anxious to answer these questions, to give my reasons for this course of life. This subject, with sincere desire and Christian compliments, is given to the largest audience that I have ever had before me, and I am willing to have this record enstamped upon the archives of eternity. The premises upon which I hope and build are these primal ethics: Faith in God, his purposes, and promises with reference to all his creature subjects in the world-wide realm of man's humanity. God's incomprehensible love for his creature man is so abundantly evidenced in the fields of nature, in the diversified provision for his wants in a material sense, and by the plan of redemption, which is de-

signed to impart salvation to all earnest, sincere believers. This goodness of God has generated my faith in him, and should in all others. The goodness of God ought to lead all to repentance and to divine service in the Master's cause. Without this evangelical faith it is impossible to please God. Faith is the prime moving principle of things accomplished in the past, and of that that is being done for the future, whether pertaining to things seen or unseen. Faith moves the world in a material, mental, and moral sense. What is man, that God is mindful of him? Because he possesses not only material wants to be satisfied, but a spiritual nature, and an immortal soul whose desires and aspirations must be met and satisfied for time and eternity, or else man is left in abnormal darkness, finally resulting in eternal death. God has made ample provision to meet these desires and aspirations. With man's splendid endowments, great purposes, and grand possibilities, the great fact must not be overlooked or forgotten that man was created a free agent to choose or reject, to do or not to do, to exercise his own individual will power and a delegated free agency. This axiomatic fact compels man's responsibility, and also vindicates God's righteous government in all things, whether we appeal to mountain heights or valleys wide, to running streams, sunshine or storm. Truth and right stand forth in bold and bright relief, a mighty bulwark of defense, an eternal principle that cannot be overthrown, curtailed, or successfully controverted, unbelief, skepticism, and antagonism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Right is eternally right, no matter what wresting interpretations or opposition. Wrong is eternally wrong, no matter what efforts to cover up, to extenuate, to sanction, or sanctify by sophistry or policy.

That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered. (Ecclesiastes 1: 15.) These facts being presented to my mind by an intelligent ministry, induced me to serious reflection upon man's designed mission and final destiny, convincing my mind, influencing my heart, and turning my affections away from things temporal to eternal verities; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. Taking an intelligent view between the principles of right and wrong convinced me that the way of the transgressor of the law was hard, resulting in conviction and misery in this and the life to come, the wages of sin being death, temporal and eternal.

Obedience to Heaven's divine government, keeping God's commands, and faith in Jesus Christ and in the power and peace of his gospel bring mankind into a normal state of joy and happiness for this life and the mighty onsweeps of eternity. This great fact is established by observation with reference to individual character and national elevation that have received the light and life of this gospel dispensation.

The fact is more plainly evidenced by a personal experience that cannot be denied or successfully controverted, because this experience is self-evident to every one who has complied with the conditions of this gospel of Jesus Christ. The evidence

of experience, being the strongest that can be adduced to prove any proposition, comes under this head: It is a self-evident fact that proper food appeases hunger and saves from starvation; it is self-evident that pure water quenches thirst; no proof is demanded in reference to these self-evident facts, and that person, white or black, rich or poor, king or vassal, who has been born into this kingdom of grace enjoys the evidence of this acceptance with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, having that peace that passes natural, human comprehension. Material wealth and mental acquirements are great blessings to be desired and admired, if properly used and not abused; but wealth by numbered millions and mental knowledge to know and understand mysteries of earth's creation, landscape beauties of rocks and vales, the component parts of air, knowledge to range through heaven's starry vault and tell the harmonious revolutions played among the planets and the fiery comets' range,—untold wealth and this vast range of knowledge do not, cannot satisfy nor meet the cravings, the loving, longing desires of an immortal mind; that priceless gem came from God and seeks after union with its maker,—like likes its like; that 's the great law of affinity. Wealth and mental culture may be made stepping-stones for one's own happiness and blessings for many others, but cannot be compared with the gold of the kingdom nor the wisdom which cometh from above. Man's most important duty, greatest privilege, and highest responsibility is to glorify God and be happy with him forever. This is my faith and my reasonable reason

for pursuing this course of life and preaching the gospel of this great and saving salvation to all, expecting to continue till I am summoned by the roll-call to join the innumerable hosts over there. I am fully persuaded if mankind would be saved from the power and smirching influences of sin and the terrible consequences of a sinful life that it must be through the atoning merits of Jesus Christ and him crucified, for it is a declaration of the Holy Scripture that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. The condition of this salvation was plainly stated by Jesus Christ in his memorable conversation with Nicodemus, the Jewish rabbi, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again before being a child of the kingdom."

Now, to illustrate this all-important matter, this primal fact: Never did child or man walk the pathway of life without a natural physical birth; this is intelligible to all. Natural life demands natural generation and birth. Never did man, whether Jew or Gentile, walk, live, or rejoice in the kingdom of God without the experienced condition of this new birth. Generation brings forth natural life; regeneration brings forth spiritual life. This great work of transformation is brought about on our part by repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and the power of God through the merits of Christ.

CHAPTER XXVI.

In the concluding chapter of this memoir it seems proper to take a brief review of the experiences and scenes of life through which I have passed, as it will, in all probability, be my last public record this side the vale, being now in the seventy-fifth year of my pilgrimage.

"The time is swiftly rolling on
When I must faint and die,
My body to the dust return,
And there forgotten lie.

"Through heat and cold I often went,
Through sorrow and distress,
To call on sinners to repent
And seek their Savior's face."

This is more than sentiment, for well do I remember traveling over the wide, rolling prairies of western Kansas and Nebraska in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, facing sweeping winds and chilling blasts, o'er the wide savannas, along frozen streams, the Big, Middle, and Little Blue rivers and their tributaries, witnessing these wanderings for years, sometimes so cold that I walked, leading or driving my saddle-horse before me through snow-drifts in winter and swimming swollen streams in summer. But there were neutralizing features connected with these trying experiences, for whether in comfortable houses or homes, sod habitations or

dark dugouts, the people were glad to see the preacher come, generally according a hearty welcome, and eager to hear the message of salvation. It was sometimes amusing, almost pathetic, to witness the wife's endeavors to provide something new, something appetizing and inviting for the preacher's wants from the stock of a meager larder, yet gladness, with the grace of God, helped mightily to bridge over these experiences. There is a reward of joy, a peace of mind, a conscience clear, unknown to the natural man who has never drunk from life's pure, purling stream, a peace passing understanding.

By faith turning aside the veil and seeing the home, the house not made with hands, beyond the scenes of earthly strife, where surges cease to roll. In connection with this review, I desire this fact to go on record also: I thank God for being impressed, called into the ministry. The trials and denials connected therewith are many, but are overcome by the sustaining grace of God and decision of character. If I could go back in years, and if it were possible to commence anew the battle of this life, there is no calling or profession that could induce my mind or change my heart from a preference of the ministry. The only regret with regard to this calling and course I have pursued is the consciousness of many deviations and imperfections along these lines, but I always keep in mind God's power, wisdom, and mercy toward his children in this line of duty, and an implicit trust in God, and will press onward for the goal, the crown of eternal life. An unexpressed desire often comes to my mind and

heart to meet and greet the loved ones over there—my parents, wife and children, brothers have gone long since to range the hills and fields of eternal glory. They seem (in visions) often to come near and beckon us to the other bright shore, but thinly the veil intervenes between that fair country and ours.

"When the glow and vigor of youth are gone,
When the warmth of manhood is departed,
And the buds and blossoms of spring
Are changing to the sere and yellow leaf,
When the mind of the good man, still vigorous,
Relaxes its labors, and the memory of a well-spent life
Comes forth from its secret fountain,
Enriching, rejoicing with truthful resignation,
Soaring far beyond the winter of hoary age
And dwelling serenely and happy
Within the gates of paradise, evermore."

These thoughts naturally come up to the mind on memory's page in retrospecting the past, the joys and sorrows, the sunshine and shadows of life, for this life is replete with constant change and varied experience. Gladness pulsating through mind and heart to-day, depression and gloom in the background of to-morrow, but above and beyond is the blue sky, and the stars are shining over the plains of an eternal day.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
That innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,

Scourged to his dungeon,
But, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

—*Bryant.*

With these hopes and desires, I bid the reader a kindly adieu. E. J. Lamb.

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